

# THE LIVING AGE.

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From Beginning  
Vol. COXXXVIII.

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## RADIUM.

Nearly every reader of the "Cornhill" must have learnt from the newspapers that though the twentieth century is still so young, France already has done something calculated to make its opening years memorable, by presenting to us a new element which is as unique in its properties as phosphorus must have been to King Charles II. in 1677, or the metals sodium and potassium to Sir Humphry Davy's audiences in the lecture theatre of the Royal Institution at the end of the first decade of the last century. Science properly is of no country, and our colleagues across the Channel have sometimes been criticized pretty sharply for claiming chemistry as a "French science," in virtue of the work of Lavoisier. But we must all concede that radium is indeed a French element, for not only was it detected and isolated by two French chemists, Madame Curie and M. P. Curie, but their discovery was the direct consequence of the previous recognition of the Becquerel rays, and the property of matter known as radio-activity by another eminent Frenchman, M. H. Becquerel.

The story of radium and the radio-activity of matter probably has not yet run beyond its very earliest chapters—has, indeed, scarcely got beyond its prologue. But already, as we shall see, this great discovery opens out to us new paths and new horizons—new

paths which ten years ago we did not even imagine to exist; new horizons which, as yet, are shadowy and almost beyond our range of vision, but which clearly, as we feel, offer illimitable fields for exploration to those who are able to press on towards them. French contributions to science, though not so voluminous as those of her great and painstaking neighbor, have always been illuminating in a high degree. This latest gift assures us that French science remains in the twentieth century, as in its predecessors, a star of the first order of magnitude.

In the pages which follow it will be necessary from time to time to use the ideas and language of various current hypotheses; and as the truth of some of these hypotheses may be open to question, as they are working hypotheses in fact, I may be excused if I remind my readers in advance that "our journey is not to these, but through these," that they are but tools forged for our work, and will be cast aside as soon as better ones are within our reach. We must, in fact, not judge M. Becquerel, Madame Curie, M. P. Curie, and their colleagues by the tools they have employed, but by the work they have done with them. It may be that none of these hypotheses will ultimately prevail, that much more commonplace explanations will replace them. But never mind, radium

and radio-activity are not only new, but also true, and we may be sure that the study of these new, true, and wonderful things will lead us, sooner or later, to recognize other truths equally important, and perhaps equally unsuspected and astonishing.

Up to the present the amount of radium that has been obtained in the state of a pure salt is very small. When Madame Curie determined its atomic weight a year ago, all that was available for her work was about one and a half grains of the chloride; and to get this it had been necessary, she tells us, to work up the greater part of the stock of impure radium then in her possession.<sup>1</sup> But with this small quantity Madame Curie was able to determine that atoms of radium are about 225 times as heavy as those of hydrogen, and that radium, in its general chemical characters, is a member of the same group of elements as calcium, the metal present in the builders' lime which we make in vast quantities by roasting chalk and other limestones.

But though the salts of radium and those of the allied metals are much alike in many ways, the difference between them is in reality prodigious, as we shall see immediately. In the first place, radium salts are self-luminous or visible in the dark, like phosphorus, though from a very different cause. Secondly, when a radium salt is brought near a cardboard screen coated on one side with the platino-cyanide of barium, the platino-cyanide glows with a green light as long as it is under the influence of the radium, but no longer. Thirdly, radium salts impart a remarkable phosphorescence to the preparation known as Sidot's hexagonal blonde, sulphide of zinc, and in this case the effect persists for a little while after the removal of the source of ex-

citement. Sir William Crookes has given a most interesting account of this last quality of radium nitrate in a paper read recently before the Royal Society. He tells us that glass vessels which have contained radium salts become radio-active, and remain so in a most persistent manner, so that even after being washed they will cause a screen of the hexagonal blonde to glow as it does in the presence of radium itself, and that diamonds brought into the neighborhood of radium nitrate glow with a pale greenish light, just as they do under the influence of cathodic bombardment in a radiant matter tube. If minute particles of the radium salt come by accident into actual contact with the blonde screen, its surface is at once dotted with brilliant specks of light about the size of small mustard seed, even though the particles themselves are too small to be detected in daylight. Under a lens magnifying about twenty diameters these specks of light are seen to consist of a dull centre surrounded by a halo; from the centre of each speck light shoots out at intervals in every direction, and the surface of the screen around the halo is bright with scintillations. If a piece of radium nitrate is brought very near the screen, the scintillations are so close together that the surface of the latter, when examined through a lens, looks, as Sir William Crookes expresses it, like "a turbulent luminous sea"; but if the distance between the radium and the screen be made greater the scintillations are fewer, and the effect is that of stars on a black sky. Finally, if the salt touch the screen, the spot touched remains bright with scintillations for weeks afterwards.

Thin sheets of glass or of aluminium placed between the screen and the

<sup>1</sup> No doubt a good deal more exists now. Pure radium salts have become, in a sense, articles of commerce, for they can be pur-

chased by the milligram—by millionaires—but the total amount of them in existence must still be a mere matter of a few grams.

radium salt stop the scintillations, but do not destroy the power of the salt to produce phosphorescence. When the cards carrying the chemicals are placed face upwards above a radium salt, so that the emanation from the latter must pass through the card to reach the sensitive surface, the platino-cyanide screen still becomes luminous under the influence of the emanation, but the blonde screen shows no scintillations. Thus it seems clear that the emanation which scintillates cannot pass through card. But since this emanation must be arrested also by the card bearing the platino-cyanide of barium, and since the platino-cyanide is nevertheless rendered luminous, it would appear that we have to deal with at least two distinct emanations from radium, viz. one which produces the scintillations detected by means of Sidot's hexagonal blonde and cannot pass through cardboard, and another which does not scintillate and can pass through cardboard.

When radium salts, or mixtures rich in radium salts, are brought near the closed eyes or to the temples, a peculiar sensation of light is perceived, not only by those who possess efficient eyes but even in some cases, it is said, by the blind, a fact which, if true, may explain some of the vague accounts of new remedies for blindness which have appeared recently in the newspapers. But those who may have opportunities of handling radium, or any other strongly radio-active substances, will be wise to be very careful in making experiments involving the eyes, for exposure of the skin to radium rays is apt to be followed by redness and irritation, and finally by ulcers which are slow to heal. Nor is it necessary that there should be actual contact to produce these unpleasant effects, for on one occasion an observer who had carried a few grains of a barium salt strongly impregnated with radium in

his waistcoat pocket for a while was troubled afterwards by a sore which took nearly a month to heal, although the radio-active body had been packed in a glass tube in a cardboard box wrapped in paper, and was further separated from his body by at least two layers of cloth.

But the most wonderful property of radium has been made known to us within the last few weeks by M. P. Curie and M. A. Laborde. Speaking generally, we may say that every body on the earth's surface tends to assume the same temperature as its surroundings. If it be hotter than the other bodies near it, then it will give to the latter more heat than it gains from them, and so it will gradually cool till both are at the same temperature. If it be colder than its surroundings, on the other hand, then it will gain heat more quickly than it loses heat, and so will rise to the temperature of the other bodies in or about its neighborhood. The most unscientific of us, in effect, acts upon the assumption that this is the case when he uses a thermometer to take the temperature of a cellar, or when, feeling ill, he takes his own temperature. Only when there is some source of supply to compensate for the heat lost by radiation, as, for instance, in the case of a living man or animal, in whom heat is generated by the oxidation of the food, or in ordinary cases of chemical change, as in a fire, or when heat is supplied to the body by electrical or other means, can its temperature be maintained for long above that of its environment. But radium seems, for the moment, to be an exception to this general experience, for M. P. Curie and M. A. Laborde, by placing one gram (15½ grains) of a sample of radiferous barium chloride, containing about one-sixth of its weight of radium chloride, in a small bulb together with a thermo-electric couple (a kind of thermometer)

have found that radium by no means takes the temperature of the surrounding air, but, on the contrary, remains steadily about one and a half degrees centigrade hotter. From this, and from the results of other experiments, it is calculated that the two grains or so of radium chloride used in the experiment give off enough heat every hour to raise the temperature of its own weight of water from 0° C. to 84° C., a temperature which is not so very far from the boiling-point, 100 degrees, of the latter substance; whilst, from the results of other experiments in which a nearly pure radium salt was used, they calculate that in each hour the amount of heat evolved by an atomic proportion of radium (225 parts<sup>2</sup>) is not so very much less than that produced by burning an atomic proportion of hydrogen.<sup>2</sup>

The surprising character of these observations will be better understood when I point out that the oxyhydrogen flame is one of our most intense sources of heat, and that when the hydrogen has once evolved its 34,000 units of heat it is changed, with the oxygen consumed, into water, and is then incapable of yielding further similar effects. But the radium, on the other hand, is not, it would seem, thus limited in its powers. This can evolve as much heat in a second hour as in the first, as much in a third as in the second, and so on, if not indefinitely at any rate for a very long period, so that a single portion of 225 grams (about half a pound) of radium would apparently be able to give out heat enough in a single year to raise nearly two tons of water from the freezing-point to the boiling-point. Moreover, there is at present no reason to suppose that its power would be reduced in any considerable degree at the end of one year or of several successive

years. But we must not go too fast. We have, as yet, no definite proof that the radio-activity of radium is thus inexhaustible, and therefore we must not forget that these statements are only deductions from the facts as far as we know them; though it must be added that they receive some support from the circumstance that the radio-activity of certain compounds studied by Becquerel has remained practically unimpaired in the dark for a period of several consecutive years.

At an earlier stage, before the above astonishing facts were known, and whilst those who were studying radium only possessed specimens of this element in a highly impure state, it was thought possible that its power of emitting radiations which act on photographic plates continuously for years without any diminution in their intensity might possibly be due to chemical changes among its atoms; but, if the above statements be correct, we can no longer believe these radiations arise from any ordinary chemical change, and hence various alternative explanations have been brought forward. Thus it has been urged that radium may be able to absorb and transform external radiations which have hitherto escaped recognition. Sir William Crookes has suggested that radio-active bodies of high atomic weight may have the power of drawing upon the store of energy locked up in the molecular motions of quiescent air; and, quite lately, Professor J. J. Thomson has made yet another suggestion, viz.: "that the atom of radium is not stable under all conditions, and that among the large number of atoms contained in any specimen of radium, there are a few which are in the condition in which stability ceases, and which pass into some other configuration, giving out as they do so a large quantity of energy." If in this change they emit much energy as Becquerel

<sup>2</sup> The numbers are, for the radium 22,500 units, for the hydrogen 34,000 units.

radiation the radium would be radioactive and remain so until all its atoms had passed through the unstable phase. But before we pursue our subject into these speculative regions, it will be interesting to know more about the facts themselves. We will, therefore, now pass on to the beautiful researches which led to the discovery of radium and its companions actinium and polonium.

Probably many of my readers have seen at some time or other chemically-prepared screens highly illuminated under the influence of the Röntgen or X-rays; and all must remember examples of the photographic or radiographic silhouettes taken by their aid for surgical purposes. The discovery in 1895 of these Röntgen rays, and of their action on fluorescent and phosphorescent screens, and on photographic plates, naturally suggested further experiments, with the result that it was found that certain chemical substances emit a sort of invisible radiation or emanation. By far the most interesting of these discoveries was that of uranium or Becquerel rays by M. H. Becquerel early in 1896. Becquerel's first recorded experiment was as follows: Having wrapped a photographic plate in two layers of stout black paper, and assured himself that it could be exposed to the sun for a day and yet remain unaffected, he placed upon the upper side of the paper covering some crystals of a salt of the metal uranium, and exposed the whole for some hours to sunlight. Afterwards he developed the plate in a dark room in the manner familiar to photographers, and found he had a black silhouette of the crystals, or, in other words, that something photographically active, like light, but able to penetrate layers of black paper which were quite opaque to light, had been given out by the salt. When thick metallic screens were interposed between the layer of

salt and the photographic plate, their shadows appeared on the plate, showing that the new radiation was less able to pass through these than through black paper. But in his next experiment, M. Becquerel found that aluminium in thin sheets was transparent to the new rays like paper, for when the salt was placed upon a thin sheet of that metal above a photographic plate, a silhouette was again obtained; he also discovered, at this stage, that even copper in very thin sheets was partially transparent to the "uranium rays."

The salt which M. Becquerel employed, a double sulphate of the metals uranium and potassium, becomes self-luminous when it is exposed to intense light, though only for the one-hundredth part of a second after the light is removed, and he tells us that at first he supposed the invisible radiations which reached the photographic plate were due to, or in some way connected with, this visible phosphorescence. That is why he made his experiments in sunlight. But it happened one day that having prepared his apparatus for the experiment described above, he found the conditions unsuitable, owing to clouds; and he put away his plates as they were, with the salt in position, anticipating a failure. But when he developed the plates a few days later, he obtained, not faint silhouettes, as he had expected, but particularly dark ones; and he thus discovered, by accident partly, that he need not stimulate the activity of the salt, as he at first supposed, by exposure to strong light. This discovery has been more than amply confirmed by subsequent experience, both in the case of the salt used by Becquerel and of other uranium compounds, including some which, though radio-active like the rest, are not known to be fluorescent nor phosphorescent.

From this time rapid progress was

made by Becquerel and others with the investigation of this new property of matter, "radio-activity," which was quickly recognized as a phenomenon of the first importance. And as Becquerel found the new rays were given off by every uranium salt he examined, and as, moreover, metallic uranium was much more active than any of these salts, he supposed they owed their origin to uranium; and therefore he called them "uranium rays."

The experiment by which Becquerel obtained evidence that radiation can go on with little aid from direct sunlight induced him to investigate the behavior of the salt in complete darkness, in order that he might learn how long it would retain its power. This led to the discovery already mentioned, that though exposure to the sun slightly increases the activity of the salt, yet if it is kept in the dark for weeks, months, and, as he found later, even for years, it still continues to give off the rays with their original intensity almost unimpaired, though no source could be assigned to the energy thus radiated day by day and year by year for apparently indefinite periods.

In the course of further investigations it was discovered that the "Becquerel rays" in many respects resemble the Röntgen or X-rays. Thus the former, like the latter, make air conduct electricity to such an extent that if a piece of uranium, or one of its salts, be brought near an electrified body surrounded by air, the charge gradually leaks away till all is gone, and that small electric currents may actually be passed along a cut wire if a portion of a radio-active substance be brought near the gap where the cut occurs. Again, the Becquerel rays, like the X-rays, will cause air free from dust, but supersaturated with moisture, to deposit part of its water in the form of fog, much as particles of dust are known to do. It was also found that

water, many solutions of metallic salts, paraffin, quartz, Iceland spar, and sulphur all are more or less transparent to these rays, that certain well-known red and blue glasses, and the yellow uranium glass so often to be seen in the windows of opticians are less so; whilst copper is not much less transparent than aluminium, but platinum somewhat more absorbent. As a general rule it was found that the Becquerel rays pass through the substances mentioned more freely than the X-rays, and that their behavior, when transmitted simultaneously through several screens of different materials, varies in such a way, according to the order in which the screens are placed, as to lead to the conclusion that Becquerel rays, like X-rays, are not all alike, but consist of a mixture of more or less dissimilar radiations. M. Becquerel thought at first that the Becquerel rays could be reflected and refracted like common light; but later experiments failed to confirm this, and at present physicists find themselves unable to reflect, refract, or polarize these radiations.

With the year 1898, only about two years after the first of Becquerel's epoch-making announcements, a new chapter in this story was opened. Just as the announcement of the discovery of the galvanic pile by Volta in 1800 was promptly followed by the decomposition of water by Nicholson and Carlisle, and that of potash and soda by Sir Humphry Davy; and just as the invention of the spectroscope was followed soon by the discovery of many rare and interesting elements, including caesium and rubidium, by its means, so the discovery of radio-activity by Becquerel was quickly succeeded by chemical developments of a most interesting character.

The memoirs of Becquerel on the strange properties of uranium and its compounds had, it need hardly be said,

caused others to be on the look-out for substances which might exhibit similar qualities. Among these were Madame Skłodowska-Curie and M. Schmidt, who found, independently, that oxide of thorium gives off emanations even more active than those of uranium. And then Madame Curie made a really great discovery. Noticing that some specimens of pitchblende, one of the minerals from which uranium is obtained, were more radioactive than might have been expected from the proportion of uranium present in them, and, in fact, more radioactive than uranium itself, this talented lady saw she was on the track of a new radio-active substance, and, jointly with M. P. Curie and M. Bémont, proceeded to separate samples of pitchblende into its components by chemical analysis, studying the radioactivity of each fraction in order to track to its source the cause of the great activity of the mineral. This mode of procedure was soon productive, and they quickly discovered, first, a substance called polonium, after Madame Curie's native country, which gave radiations one hundred times as energetic as those of uranium; and then, when examining the salts of barium from the same mineral, they found that these were associated with traces of another extremely active element, so similar to barium in its general reactions that but for its radioactivity its existence might never have been suspected. This was radium.

The exact nature of the first of these two new substances is still to some extent doubtful. Chemists, as we know, recognize the different metals in their compounds partly by their colors, solubility, reactions with other salts, etc., but often by means of the spectroscope, an instrument which enables them to analyze the light the compounds emit when incandescent, and to obtain for each metal a characteristic

set of colored lines known as its spectrum. Now in its chemical characters, polonium is hardly to be distinguished from bismuth; and after examining the spectrum of the strongest and most active polonium salt he has been able to procure, Sir William Crookes is unable to find in it any lines except those of bismuth or of known impurities. Hence it is impossible at present definitely to accept polonium as a new element; we only know that it contains a great deal of bismuth and is highly radio-active.

The further investigation of the active barium salt has given much more decisive results, as has already been indicated. But even in this case success only came by degrees. Working with the barium salt extracted from about two hundredweight of pitchblende, the investigators obtained, presently, a minute quantity, much less than a grain, of a preparation which, though still far from pure, was nine hundred times as active as uranium in imparting conductivity to the air. And working on with still larger quantities of the raw material, they got larger and purer specimens, five thousand times, and even, it is said, fifty thousand times, as active as the original salt; and then, finally, Madame Curie, by repeatedly repurifying nearly all the radiferous barium chloride at her disposal, obtained a specimen of radium chloride which was thought to be sufficiently pure to enable her to determine the atomic weight of radium, although the quantity of the salt thus made was only about one and a half grains.

The new salts thus obtained undoubtedly contain a new metallic element. They exhibit a characteristic spectrum, and from their properties the new element seems to belong to the same group as the metal calcium whose compounds are familiar to us in the limestone rocks, in alabaster, in

plaster of Paris, and in various other forms. The atomic weight found by Madame Curie (225) is probably too low. It is very difficult to free radium perfectly from barium, and the presence of the latter would tend to reduce the apparent atomic weight of a specimen in which it was present. Moreover, theoretical considerations suggest, as has lately been pointed out, that the value may probably be as high as 258.

Before we pass from this part of our subject I must add that M. A. Debierne has isolated yet a third highly radioactive substance from pitchblende. This is called Actinium. Its radiations are more like those of radium than those of polonium, but it is not self-luminous. It is suspected that the rare element thorium, which is capable of exciting radio-activity in substances placed in its neighborhood, may in some degree owe its power to the presence in it of actinium.

And now, it will be asked, what about the uranium which at one time gave its name to the new rays? Is uranium not radio-active after all? Has it no powers of its own? Does it owe its activity entirely to companion substances, and is its part in this affair played to the finish? These questions are a little difficult to answer. Not so very long ago Sir William Crookes prepared a specimen of pure uranium, and he found it was almost inactive. And thus, for the moment, it seemed that uranium had no special powers of its own. But the question has been reopened by M. Becquerel, who tells us that specimens of uranium, deprived by him of their radio-active powers, were found eighteen months afterwards to be as active as ever. A fact which fits well Professor J. J. Thomson's hypothesis given briefly on page 757.

This, then, is the story of the discovery of radium. We know where this substance occurs, and how to ob-

tain its salts in an almost pure state. We know that it is an element, for it has a characteristic spectrum, and exhibits other properties similar to those of a well-known group of elements. We are aware of its astonishing radio-activity, and we know something about its radiations, as will presently appear. But whence it derives the energy which it radiates so tirelessly we have still to learn.

I have said we already know something about the nature of the radium radiations. In the early days chemists and physicists were struck, as we have seen, by the resemblance of the Becquerel or uranium rays to the Röntgen or X-rays which all have heard of. The former seemed to have all the properties the X-rays possess, such as photographic activity, the power of making gases conduct electricity, the power of causing the formation of fog in moist air, and also, as it turned out, though this was not recognized at first, they can neither be reflected nor refracted like ordinary light. But as time went on it was presently found that the Becquerel rays possess yet other qualities which are like those of the "kathode rays" of a Crookes vacuum tube. And thus the subject now seems even more important than was at first supposed, since further work on the lines indicated by the later observations may be expected to throw light not only on such important subjects as the Röntgen rays and kathode rays, but possibly even, as was pointed out some time ago, on the constitution of matter itself. The full consideration of this important aspect of our subject must, however, be reserved for some other opportunity. At present we can only glance at it hastily.

Matter, according to chemists, as we all know, is made up of minute indestructible particles called atoms—particles so small that millions of millions

of millions of them can be introduced simultaneously into a vessel many times smaller than a lady's thimble; and the lightest of these atoms, and therefore the smallest conceivable particle of matter, according to the chemists, is the atom of hydrogen.

But physicists tell us that still smaller particles than atoms exist in the rays, discovered many years ago by Sir William Crookes, which stream off from the kathodes of very highly exhausted vacuum tubes. These rays carry negative charges of electricity and are deflected by magnets. Therefore, as electricity requires matter to carry it, it follows that the kathode rays contain minute particles. These particles of radiant matter are called "electrons." They have been the subject of much study at Cambridge and elsewhere, and Professor J. J. Thomson tells us that the mass of an electron is only a very small fraction of the mass of an atom of hydrogen.

But what have electrons to do with radium? How do they come into this galley? We shall see in a moment.

We have already learnt that radium rays are not homogeneous. There are rays which will pass through cardboard, for example, and rays which cannot do this. And Professor E. Rutherford, of Montreal, a great authority on the subject of these emanations, tells us that radiations of three distinct types may be distinguished in the emanations of radium. First the  $\alpha$ -rays, as they are called, which are only deflected under the influence of a very powerful magnet, and then only to a small extent, and which are easily absorbed by matter. Secondly, the  $\beta$ -rays which are readily deflected by magnets, and somewhat less readily absorbed by matter. And thirdly, some very penetrating rays which are not deflected by magnets, and which are called the  $\gamma$ -rays.

By far the greater part of the energy

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emitted by permanently radio-active matter is in the form of the  $\alpha$ -rays—the  $\beta$ -rays only accounting, in fact, for about the one-thousandth part of the whole—and two things have been made out pretty clearly about them. First that they carry positive charges of electricity, and therefore consist of particles; secondly, as Sir William Crookes has shown, that they are the cause of the beautiful scintillations of radium (described on a previous page), for the scintillating emanation, it will be remembered, is the one which will not pass through a card, and, moreover, as he has recently demonstrated, the scintillating radiation cannot be deflected by a moderately powerful magnet. On the other hand, the  $\beta$ -rays are found to consist of minute, negatively charged particles, similar in all respects to the kathode rays, and which move when not impeded, it is said, with a velocity not less than two-thirds as great as that of light itself. In short, the  $\beta$ -rays are the "electrons" of the Crookes' tubes.

Now, at last, it will be seen, we begin to get some light on one of the "mysteries of radium." Not very much, perhaps, but, at any rate, a scintillation. If the astonishing qualities of radium are thus due to its throwing off swarms of particles of matter, then, however small these particles may be, the supply of them cannot be inexhaustible in the case of any given specimen of radium, and therefore there must be a limit to the period during which its radio-activity could be maintained in vessels from which these particles can make their escape.

Here we must rest; though so actively is the study of this subject being pursued that it is not at all improbable our knowledge of the nature of the radium rays may be further advanced before this article reaches the readers of the "Cornhill Magazine."

W. A. Shenstone.

## THE OBERLES.\*

BY BENE BAZIN.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE WALLS OF OBERNAL.

Ten days later Lucienne and her mother entered the house where Madame Oberlé had spent her whole youth, the Biehler house, which lifted its three stories of windows with small greenish panes and its notched gable above the old walls of Obernal, between two other houses exactly like it, and of the same period, the sixteenth century.

As Madame Oberlé ascended the stairs she said to the woman in charge, "You will receive a gentleman who will ask for me presently." She then went into a large chamber on the first floor, one of the few rooms that were still furnished, the room where she had seen her parents live and die. The walnut bed, the stove of brown porcelain, the chairs covered with velvet with the design of a basket of flowers on each back and seat, the crucifix under a convex glass, the two views of Italy brought back from her journey in 1837—everything was in the same place and in the same order as formerly. Involuntarily as she crossed the threshold she looked for the vessel of holy water hung to the lintel, where the old people as they entered the room moistened their fingers as on the threshold of a holy place.

The two women drew near the window. Madame Oberlé wore the same black dress that she had worn to receive the visit of the Prefect of Strasbourg. Lucienne, as if to hide them in shadow, had put on over her shining blond locks a great straw hat, gray,

with gray feathers of the same shade. Her mother thought her beautiful, but she did not tell her so. She would have hastened to say it if the man they waited for had been some other, and if the very look of the house, with the humble memories of the good Alsatian folk who had lived there, had not intensified the pain she already suffered.

She leaned against the window and looked down on the garden full of box clipped into balls, and borders edged with box, and winding narrow walks where she had played, grown up, and dreamed. Beyond the garden was the public promenade on the walls of the town, and between its chestnut trees one could see the blue plain.

Lucienne had not spoken a word since they came to Obernal; she felt that she would only agitate a soul demanding of itself whether it had strength to carry out the sacrifice. But now she approached her mother and said, in the expressive voice that charmed the first time it was heard, but not always the second time; "This must pain you greatly, mamma. With your ideas, what you are doing is really heroic."

Her mother did not raise her eyes, but her eyelids trembled.

"You do it from wifely duty, and that is the reason I admire you. I am sure I could not do it—renounce my personality to that point." She had no wish to be cruel.

"And you wish to marry?" said her mother, lifting her head quickly.

"Why, certainly. We do not take marriage in these days just as you did."

The mother saw from Lucienne's smile that she had come into collision with a settled theory, and that the hour for such a discussion was not well chosen. She was silent.

\* Translated for *The Living Age* by Annie Dunbar Perkins.

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"I am very grateful to you," continued the young girl. Then, after hesitating a moment, "But I feel that you have another reason besides obedience to my father, for consenting to come here,—just here—to receive M. de Farnow."

She glanced round the room, and looked again at the slight, suffering woman who was her mother, but Madame Oberlé did not hesitate.

"Yes," she answered.

"I knew it. Can you tell me what it is?"

"Presently."

"Before M. de Farnow?"

"Yes."

A sudden annoyance transformed Lucienne's face; it became hard. "You surely are not capable, though we do not understand each other very well, of trying to turn away my fiancé from me?"

Two tears shone under Madame Oberlé's eyelids. "Oh, Lucienne! No, no, I do not think so."

"Is it something important?"

"Yes."

"Something that concerns me?"

"No, not you."

The young girl was about to speak, but suddenly grew pale, and listened, turning completely towards the door, while her mother only turned partly in that direction. Some one was coming up the stairs. Wilhelm von Farnow, preceded by the woman in charge, who came no farther than the landing, saw Madame Oberlé through the half opened door, and gathering himself together as if he were on military parade, crossed the room, and bowed first to the mother and then to the daughter, his head held proudly. He was in plain clothes, very elegant. He was pale and haggard with agitation. He said very politely in French, "I thank you, madame." Then he looked at Lucienne and in his unsmiling blue eyes was a spark of arrogant

joy. The young girl gave him a beaming glance.

Madame Oberlé shuddered with a feeling of dislike that she tried to conceal. She looked steadily into the steel-blue eyes of the young man, who held himself in the same attitude that he would have taken under arms and in the presence of his superior officer.

"You must not thank me, sir. I have no part in what is happening. My husband and my daughter have arranged everything."

He bowed again.

"If I were free I would refuse you for your race, your religion, your army, which are not mine. You see that I speak frankly. I am anxious that you should understand that you owe me nothing, but also that I have no ill will toward you personally. I even believe that you are a good soldier and an estimable man. I believe it so truly that I am going to confide to you an anxiety that tortures me." She hesitated a moment, then continued: "We had a terrible scene at Alsheim, when Count von Kassowitz came into the house—"

"Count von Kassowitz related it to me, madame. He even advised me to renounce all pretensions to the hand of your daughter. But I never renounce. To make me renounce I should need to have"—he laughed—"I should need to have an order from the Emperor! I am a German, as you say. I do not renounce my conquests so readily. And M. de Kassowitz is only my uncle."

"But what you do not know is, that my father-in-law, for the first time in long years, in his exasperation and in the extremity of his suffering, spoke. He cried out to Jean, 'Go away! Go away!' I heard the words. I ran down. *Eh bien! monsieur*, what distracted me most was not the sight of M. Philippe Oberlé senseless on the floor—it was the expression of my son, the conviction that from that moment he had made up

his mind to obey and to leave Alsace."

"Oh," said von Farnow, "that would be very bad!" He glanced at Lucienne, who shook her head with its load of fair hair. "Yes, very bad" said the mother, without understanding in what sense von Farnow had used the words. "What an old age for me, in my divided house, without my daughter whom you are going to take away, without my son who will have left me! Perhaps you wonder why I reveal all these anxieties to you?" He made a vague gesture. "It is for this," continued she more eagerly, "I have no one to help me, no one to advise me in these matters. Understand me. Whom can I go to? My husband? He would fly into a passion, he would set himself to work, he would bring influences to bear, and in a week we should learn that Jean had been sent to some regiment in the North or the East of the Empire. To my brother? He would advise my son to leave Alsace. You see, sir, you are the only person who can do anything."

"But exactly what could I do, madame?"

"You could do several things. Jean has promised me that he will enter his regiment. You could arrange such a welcome for him as would not repel him utterly, you could assure him of your interest, you could find him friends, you could talk to him. You could prevent his giving himself up to his gloomy thoughts, or putting such a plan into action, if it should tempt him again."

The lieutenant, frowning and agitated, changed countenance at these last words. "Madame," he said, "until the first of October you have your son's promise. After that he shall be in my care."

Then, speaking to himself, and seized by an idea which he did not entirely express: "Oh yes, very bad indeed—it must not be."

Lucienne overheard him. "Well, it cannot be helped," said she, "I must betray my brother's secret, but I am sure he will forgive me when he knows I tell it to calm mamma. You can be at rest, mamma; Jean will not leave Alsace."

"And why?"

"He loves someone, he too."

"And where?"

"At Alsheim."

"Who is it?"

"Odile Bastian."

Madame Oberlé asked, much startled, "Is that true?"

"It is as true as that we are here. He told me all about it."

The mother closed her eyes a moment; her breast heaved, she could hardly breathe. "Thank God! I may have a little hope! Leave me here to weep; I need tears."

She pointed to a room across the hall which had been opened and was lighted by a large bay window across which one saw a tree. Farnow bent his tall form, motioning to Lucienne that he would follow her. And the young girl passed him, crossing the room in which her grandparents had so loved Alsace. Madame Oberlé turned away: seated near the window she leaned her brow against the panes, through which as a child she had watched the sleet, the frost, the sunshine, the rain, the quivering air of summer and all the country of Alsace. "Odile Bastian!" repeated the poor woman. The serene face, the smile, the dress of the girl, the corner of Alsheim where she lived, a whole poem of beauty and moral health rose before the mother's mind, and she clung to it eagerly, jealously, so that she might forget those other loves for which she had come here. "But why did not Jean tell me of this?" she thought. "It would make up for the other. It gives me confidence. Jean will not leave us now that the strongest of all ties attaches him to the country."

Perhaps we shall succeed at last in conquering the obstinacy of my husband. I will make him understand the greatness of the sacrifice Jean and I have made in accepting this German."

Sometimes she could hear laughter coming from the other room, all unfurnished except with the two chairs on which sat Lucienne and Farnow beside each other—Lucienne leaning an elbow on the balustrade of the open window, the lieutenant a little behind, looking at her and talking with extraordinary fervor. The laughter wounded Madame Oberlé, but she did not look round. She continued to see in the fugitive blue of the Alsatian landscape the consoling image evoked by Lucienne.

Wilhelm talked, taking advantage of an hour which he guessed would be a brief one to make himself better known to Lucienne. She looked dreamily out over the roofs but in reality she was listening attentively, emphasizing her answers with a pout or a smile.

The German was saying, "You are a glorious conquest. You will reign queen over the officers of my regiment. There is already one Frenchwoman but she was born in Austria, and she is ugly. There is an Italian, and there are Germans and Englishwomen. But you, mademoiselle, you alone have in your sole self all the gifts divided among them, beauty, wit, brilliancy, the German culture and French vivacity. As soon as we are married I will present you at the court of Berlin. How did you ever grow up in Alsheim?"

Her heart was more arrogant than tender, and admiration of this kind pleased her.

At this hour M. Ulrich, taking advantage of a trip which M. Joseph Oberlé was obliged to make to Barr, was making his nephew a visit. The day was approaching when Jean must

enter the barracks. It was necessary to tell him of the failure of his mission to M. Bastian. M. Ulrich, having hesitated a long time, finding it harder to destroy a youthful love than to go to war, at last went to his nephew and told him all. They talked for an hour, or rather the uncle delivered a monologue, and tried to console Jean who, before him alone, gave way to bitter tears and anguish.

"Weep if you will, dear child," said M. Ulrich, "at this moment your mother gives her countenance to the first interview between Lucienne and that other. I confess that it is beyond my comprehension. Weep, but do not let yourself be crushed; you must be courageous. Remember in three weeks you will be at the barracks; nobody there must know you weep. Well, the year will pass, and you will be with us again—who knows?"

Jean passed his hand over his eyes and said resolutely, "No, uncle."

"What do you mean?"

On this same spot where the two men had talked of the future so happily, the winter before, they were seated now, one on each end of the sofa. Behind them the day was declining, still luminous and warm. On Jean's gloomy face there shone out again the expression of energy which had at first so struck and charmed his uncle. Those forest-colored eyes under their contracted brows, were filled with passing lights, and yet motionless.

"No," repeated Jean. "You must know, and I shall tell one other person, that I do not mean to take my military service here."

"Where then?"

"In France."

"What do you say? Are you serious?"

"Nothing could be more serious."

"And you will go immediately?"

"No, not till after my entrance into the corps."

M. Ulrich raised his hands, "But you are crazy! Just when it would be most difficult and dangerous! You have lost your senses."

He began to walk from one extreme of the room to the other. In his agitation he gesticulated violently, but he never forgot to speak softly, so that no one in the house could hear.

"Why do you wait till afterwards? For in fact that was the first idea that came into my mind."

"I did intend to go before I entered the regiment," said the young man calmly, "But mamma guessed something and she made me promise I would enter the barracks. I will enter therefore. Do not try to dissuade me. It is unreasonable, but I promised."

M. Ulrich shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, the question of time is a serious detail, but it is nothing more. The most important thing is the resolution itself. What made you take it? Was it because your grandfather cried out 'Go away' that you mean to go?"

"No, he thought as I did, that was all."

"Was it my friend Bastian's refusal that decided you?"

"Not even that. If he had consented, I should have been obliged to tell him what I am telling you; I will not live in Germany, nor in Alsace."

"Then was it the marriage of your sister?"

"Yes, if there had been no other reason that would have been enough to drive me away. What sort of a life can I have now at Alsheim? Have you thought of that?"

"But consider, Jean, you are forsaking your post as an Alsacian."

"No I can never do anything for Alsace now. I could never gain the confidence of the Alsaciens with my father compromised and my sister married to a Prussian."

"They will say you have deserted."

"Let them come and tell me that

when I am with my regiment in France."

"And your mother, are you going to leave her here alone?"

"That is the great objection—the only one. I have considered it. But my mother cannot wish my whole life to be as vainly sacrificed as hers has been. Her second thoughts will approve of me, because I have freed myself from the intolerable yoke that has weighed on her—Yes, she will forgive me. And then—" Jean pointed to the green, jagged edge of the Vosges, "And then, there is beloved France. She draws me to her. She spoke to me from the first."

"Child!" said M. Ulrich, stationing himself in front of the young man still seated and almost smiling. "A country must be a noble one, if after thirty years it can inspire a love like yours. What other people would be so regretted! Oh blessed birthright, which still speaks in you."

He was silent for a moment. "But Jean, I cannot leave you ignorant of the difficulties and disillusionments that await you. It is my duty. Dear Jean, when you have passed the frontier, when you have claimed the position of a French soldier as the law permits you to do, and finished your year of military service, what will you do then?"

"I will find some way to earn my living."

"Do not be too sure. Do not think that the French will receive you with favor because you are an Alsacian. Perhaps they have forgotten more than we have. At any rate it is like an old debt paid grudgingly, and as late as possible. Do not imagine that they will aid you over there more than anybody else."

His nephew interrupted, "I have decided, whatever may happen. Do not let us talk any more about it."

Then Uncle Ulrich, who had been

caressing his pointed gray beard as if he could thereby draw out the words against the dear country which did not come easily, was silent and looked long at his nephew, with a smile of complicity which grew and broadened. And at last he said, "Now that I have done my duty, and have made nothing by it, I have earned the right to tell you, Jean, that I have had just such an idea. What would you say if I followed you to France?"

"You?"

"Not at once, but I had no other interest here but to see you grow up and continue the tradition. All that is over. Do you know that would be the best way to save you from a rather cold welcome?"

Jean was too violently agitated by the importance of his immediate resolutions to take time to consider a project for the future.

"Listen, Uncle Ulrich. It is now, in a few days, that I have need of you. I told you about my decision so that you could help me." He rose and went to his bookcase which stood near the door, took out a military map and came back, unfolding it, to the sofa.

"Come, sit down by me, Uncle, and let us do some geography." He spread out on his knees the map of the frontier of Lower Alsace. "I have decided to go this way," said he, "I shall have to ask a few questions."

M. Ulrich nodded his head approvingly, as much interested as if it were a plan for a hunting party, or an approaching battle. "That's a good place," said he, "Grande-Fontaine les Minières. I think that is the nearest frontier to Strasbourg. Who told you about it?"

"François, Ramspacher's second son."

"You can trust him. Shall you take the train?"

"Yes."

"Where to?"

"To Schirmeck, I think."

"No, that is too near the frontier, and the station is too important. In your place I would get off at the station just before, at Russ-Hersbach."

"All right. There I will take a carriage ordered beforehand. I will go to Grande-Fontaine, and then I will plunge into the forest."

"You mean we will plunge."

"Will you come?" The two men gazed in each other's faces; they were proud of each other.

"Parbleu," continued M. Ulrich, "does that astonish you? Why, it's my trade. Pathfinder as I am, I will first reconnoitre the ground, and when I know the wood so that I could find my way about in the night, I will tell you if it is a good plan, and at the hour agreed upon you will find me. Take care to dress like a tourist, soft hat, gaiters, not an ounce of baggage."

"Of course not."

M. Ulrich looked attentively at this tall handsome fellow who was going to leave the country of the Oberlés and of all his ancestors forever. "It is sad enough, any way, isn't it, in spite of the pleasure of the danger?"

"Bah," said Jean, trying to laugh,

"I shall see both ends of the Rhine, there where it is free."

M. Ulrich embraced him. "Courage, dear child! I will see you soon. Don't let any one suspect your plans. Whom else are you going to tell?"

"M. Bastian."

His uncle approved, and almost on the threshold he pointed to the room which M. Philippe Oberlé no longer left.

"To think that that poor wreck there with his remnant of humanity, knows more about honor than all the others put together."

After a few hours Jean was in the office of the works as usual, but his mind was so distracted that it was impossible to do anything. The employes

who were obliged to speak to him observed it and one of the foremen could not help saying to the clerks, German like himself, "The German cavalry seems to have done great damage hereabouts; the boss looks half crazy." This patriotic sentiment made them all laugh silently.

Then the dinner hour sounded. Jean dreaded to see his mother and sister. Lucienne, as she entered the dining room, detained her brother, and in the dim light pressed him to her and kissed him tenderly. After the fashion of all fiancés it was in part the other that she embraced without realizing it. But the thought at least was for Jean.

She murmured, "I saw him for a good while at Obernai. He pleases me very much, because he is proud like me. He promised me to look after you in the regiment. But pray do not say a word at the table; it will be a great deal wiser. Mamma was very kind. The poor thing touched me. She was at the end of her strength. Jean, I was obliged to reassure her by revealing your secret, and I told her that you would never leave Alsace because you loved Odile. Will you forgive me?"

She slipped her arm within her brother's and as she went out of the hall into the dining room where Monsieur and Madame Oberlé sat silent she whispered, "My poor dear! in this house every happiness costs somebody else a tear. See! I am the only happy person here."

Dinner was brief. M. Oberlé, soon after, took his daughter into the billiard room to talk to her. The mother stayed a moment at the table with her son whose seat was now beside hers. As soon as she was alone with him, all the stiffness of her manner fell from her like a veil. She turned towards Jean, and smiled at him, saying in the confidential tone that she knew so well how to use: "Dearest, I am at the end of my strength; I am exhausted.

I must go to my room, but I must confess to you that in all my misery I have had one joy. Do you know that until a little while ago I believed—I believed it absolutely, that you were going to abandon us." Jean started up. "Oh, I do not believe it any longer! Do not be startled. I am reassured. Your sister told me your secret, that some day I should have an Alsatian girl for a daughter-in-law. That did me so much good. I understand why you did not tell me before. So many things have happened—and it is new, is it not? Jean, why do you tremble so? Since I tell you that I have nothing more to ask of you now, and that I am not afraid any longer—I love you so." She, too, kissed Jean, and she, too, pressed him to her breast, but she had no other tenderness in her heart; she was recalling the child in its cradle, the past days and nights of anxieties, dreams, precautions, prayers of which he had been the object, and she thought to herself, "And all that is nothing to what I would do for him now, and always."

After she had gone and he had heard the sound of his grandfather's door, when she went to bid him good night, as she always did, Jean rose and left the house. He went by the fields, as far as the row of trees surrounding the Bastian's house, entered the grounds and remained hidden awhile, looking at the light that streamed through the shutters of the large room.

Voices were speaking to one another. He could recognize the separate tones but the words could not be distinguished. They were slow, with long intervals, and Jean fancied they were sad. He was tempted to go around the few yards of the house front and enter the large room boldly. He thought, "Now that I have decided not to live in Alsace, now that they have rejected me because of my father's ambition and Lucienne's marriage, I have no

longer any right to question Odile. I must go away without knowing whether she suffers with me. But why cannot I see her at home in the quiet of this evening hour when they are all three together. I will not write to her, I will not try to speak to her, but I could see her, I could carry away a last memory, and she would believe that I was worthy of her compassion."

(To be continued.)

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### THE ETHICAL INDIVIDUAL AND IMMORTALITY.

It is a familiar but significant fact that in every region of knowledge one fact involves another, one truth another, one aspect of experience or thought another. An isolated fact or truth does not exist. It is always bound by close and often unsuspected ties to other facts and other truths. Nor is this the case within the scope of any specified region of knowledge alone. Every branch of science trenches at some point or other on the subject-matter of other branches; the fundamental scientific assumptions demand and stimulate philosophic investigation: science and philosophy both bear in manifold and important ways on practical life and thought. Thus to the human intellect the known Universe in all its aspects inevitably comes to bear the marks of a vast and systematic whole in which every fact and every truth has its own essential place and function. Our present subject is an illustration in point.

Having in previous essays indicated the importance of Individuality in the Natural Order, its fundamental significance when conjoined with personality, the unique meaning of each ethical individual to God as well as to himself, and the consequent loss to the Eternal Meaning if one such individual

But he hesitated. This evening he felt too full of wretchedness, too weak. Before the first of October there would be other opportunities. A step approached from the direction of the garden. He gazed once more at the long, thin streak of light, piercing the night from the room where Odile sat. And he went away.

were to lapse from conscious being, we saw that to regard the physical accident of death as even a possible term to ethical individuality appears a manifest absurdity. But in this very recognition, another and darker possibility confronted us: What of ethical failure itself? This we seem to see on all sides of us. How does it affect the worth and significance of ethical individuality?

The answer to this question must obviously depend on what ethical failure really is, and before going further it will be well to ascertain and define this, bearing in mind that in dealing with so vast a subject, within the short compass of a single essay, it is not possible even to indicate all its aspects, and that our considerations must be limited to such as bear on the immediate point at issue.

In the world of practical life ethical failure means primarily failure to fulfil a specified social relationship. Thus a parent who does not fulfil the duties of a parent, a citizen who transgresses the laws of the state, a friend who is false to the claims of friendship, a trader who deliberately breaks the terms of his contract, each and all so far ethically fail. It will be observed, moreover, that the failure, in each

case, is failure to reach a certain ideal standard of conduct shaped according to the relationship to be maintained. It is notorious that such standards differ from age to age and from country to country, being dependent on intellectual culture, religious belief, national custom, and many other variables, so that the self-same conduct in any given relationship might be regarded as ethical failure in one individual and success in another. Nevertheless the falling short of some ideal standard, partially independent of the individual, but which it is supposed that he "ought" to recognize, is always the chief element in ethical failure. This recognition by each individual of a standard by which his conduct is to be tested is universal. Even the proverbial thief has his standard of honor. The standard varies, however, not only with circumstances and social environment as has already been noted, but also from individual to individual even when every external circumstance and every part of social environment is similar. The result is that each individual is to a certain extent his own judge. To himself as well as to an external authority, "he standeth or falleth," and should it so happen that the external authority is satisfied, but that he falls short of his own inward standard, he accounts himself to have failed. Reflection on this multiplicity and variableness of ethical standards, individual and social, on their evident importance and equally evident want of stability, naturally leads to the enquiry: What is their meaning? How are they to be reconciled? Is there no ultimate standard of ethical failure and success?

These questions have often been put, and have received various answers. That which will here be suggested is led up to by former considerations and is in pursuance of the same line of thought.

We have seen that each human individual holds towards the Father of his spirit and of all spirits a unique ethical position, is to Him that which no other can be, and from this eternal relationship temporal relationships derive their meaning and value. So much all readers who followed and approved the argument in the previous essays on "Immortality" will be willing to grant.<sup>1</sup> Real ethical failure (if it be indeed possible) is failure in this eternal relationship of the individual to God. We say, "real failure" because a man may seem to fail when viewed from the temporal standpoint, and yet not be failing when viewed from the eternal standpoint. Somewhat in the same way we may regard his earthly life as at this and this point an ethical failure, and nevertheless see that as a whole it is an ethical success. Things viewed "sub specie aeternitatis" are always viewed as wholes, and therefore an individual ethical life, as a whole, is viewed from and can only be truly judged by the Eternal. The test of real ethical success or failure is, as we have seen, fulfilment of that ideal relationship to God which is God's intention in its existence and which is not subordinated to temporal conditions.

Can then a Divine, an eternal intention be frustrated, an Eternal Ideal be lost, the completeness of Eternal experience be curtailed, as it must be if even one of those unique relationships which ethical individuals should fulfil towards God is a failure? These questions are the form under which from our point of view the "Problem of Evil" must be faced and investigated.

And first there appears a certain beginning of the question in presupposing that moral evil is ethical failure, that it is in opposition to the Divine Intention and "ought not" to exist. So far

<sup>1</sup> The Living Age for August 16, September 20 and October 18, 1902.

there is no reason in anything that has been said to justify the assumption that what we call evil is alien to the constitution of things, that it is not an intrinsic part of the Ground of being, does not, in fact, hold a place in God Himself. If that be so, there is no "ought not" in the case. Evil is simply one aspect of the Divine Individuality, and as such has as much right to be expressed in the Universe as "Good."

And as a matter of fact in the scientific view of Nature there is no such thing as moral good or evil. There is the fitness or unfitness of organic beings to perform certain functions whereby their own physical welfare and the perpetuation of their kind is secured.

In the case of man, there gradually results from the due performance of these functions a highly complex social organization which, advantageous to intellectual progress and culture, and to the development of the artistic and aesthetic faculties, is encumbered with its own difficulties and drawbacks, and entails its own peculiar sufferings, so that if limited to the earthly horizon (as the view of Science perforce must be), it is difficult to say whether even the greatest of civilizations is really worth all the effort and sacrifice by which it has been attained.

As we have seen,<sup>3</sup> however, there are but few minds able to rest in that external interpretation of experience which is all that Science can afford. It seems an inevitable consequence of the mental constitution of man that he should believe the universe has a meaning which he can to some extent penetrate, and it is owing to this conviction that moral evil appears a "problem" which must certainly have a solution even though its discovery should forever baffle the best efforts of the human intellect.

<sup>3</sup> The *Living Age* for October 18, 1902.  
"The Philosophic Standpoint."

There is of course the pessimistic manner of cutting the Gordian Knot. We can accept evil as the eternal ruling principle of the universe, when every manifestation of it would be a necessary consequence of its place at the heart of things. There would then, however, arise the problem of good. We should have to face the question why there should be any "milk of human kindness," any unselfish love, any disinterested devotion to high intellectual or social aims, and most of all why we should attach any blame to ourselves if we fall short of an ideal standard of "right" either external or internal.

In truth, this difficulty must be widely recognized, for there are very few out and out pessimists, people whose conscious and assured conviction it is that there exists a "stream of tendency not ourselves making for" evil, and no counterbalancing tendency "making for righteousness." The thinkers among us are mostly more daunted by the apparent capriciousness of the adjustment between the two tendencies, than by the presence or absence of either one. The perplexing conclusion of human experience is that when man would do good, evil is present with him; and when he would do evil, good is present with him, for the bad man as often stays from completing a course of conduct which would be "no more than we should expect" as the good man yields to a temptation we should have supposed abhorrent to him.

So far then it would seem that good and evil are both root-principles of the universe, that as was suggested above both are expressions of the Divine Individuality. Such a conclusion, apart from its repugnance, leaves unaccounted for the existence of the feeling of duty—the "ought." Why does a man feel that he "ought" to pursue whatever course of conduct, taken by his recognized standard (be the latter low

or high) of right and wrong, is right, and never what is "wrong"? He may wish and intend the latter, or not wishing and intending may nevertheless follow it because "the temptation was so strong" that he "could not help" yielding. But never—if he is true to himself—will he aver that he did wrong because he felt he ought. "I *must* yield though *I ought not*" is the language of his inner experience when about to succumb. We may, for our present purpose, neglect the explanations of Science as to the processes through which this sense of "ought" has arisen. They are highly instructive and important in their own place. But the mind of man cannot rest in processes. It recognizes that results are at least equally important, and that the meaning of results, if it can be arrived at, is the light in which processes can be understood. The question for philosophy is therefore not how the sense of moral obligation was evolved, but why it is now, and has been within historical times, in existence; why social progress and well-being should depend on its active acceptance, why good—so far as it is recognized—is invariably felt to be that which "ought" to prevail whether or not it actually does so.

On the interpretation of the universe which has been accepted in previous essays, the ultimate reason of its being what it is, as a whole and in all its parts, lies in the Divine Individuality being what it is. The universe which is the outcome of the Divine Activity bears the impress of the Divine Character, so that if finite spiritual beings recognize moral obligation, that is because it is recognized by the Infinite Spiritual Being of whom they are the offspring. It may seem at first sight as though the existence even of moral obligation in the Divine Nature were a limitation of its Infinitude. But this is not so. Involuntary restriction of whatever kind is indeed a note of the

finite, but not that which is wholly voluntary, which is laid by Infinite Will on Infinite Activity. In the case of Moral Obligation, the supposed limitation is a result of Infinite knowledge and Infinite Holiness. All the possibilities of good and evil being eternally present to God, Good is eternally chosen, recognized as what ought to be, and Evil eternally rejected, recognized as what ought not to be. In Biblical language God "knows good and evil," but at the same time "He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

This admission,—that evil is present to the Divine Consciousness though only to be loathed and rejected, for ever prohibits the identification of goodness in the sense of righteousness or holiness with mere innocence,—i.e. ignorance of evil. An intrinsic part of goodness lies in the *rejection* of evil. This is the fundamental characteristic of goodness in the Universe which is the expression of the Divine Will and Activity. This must be its conscious characteristic in every personal individual. Such an one cannot fill his own place to the Father of his spirit unless he chooses good and rejects evil. This is part of the Divine Ideal for him, of the Divine Intention in his existence; and consequently the deliberate, conscious choice of good and rejection of evil is the ultimate test of ethical success and failure. It is the eternal standard of right and wrong. And this explains to us how in the world of human experience there come to be such a multiplicity and variety of standards. The uniqueness which is characteristic of the whole Universe of Being and which is so extraordinarily enhanced by personality, reaches its highest known degree in man, whether we regard him collectively in tribes, classes and nations, or individually each man by himself. The ultimate standard—the consistent choice of good and rejection of evil—is the same for all.

but it is one of inexhaustible applicability. It adapts itself to every phase of human life and culture, to every different nationality, to every different age, to every rank in society, to every peculiarity of individual mental and spiritual constitution. Its demands are not uniformity of apprehension, but the determined and persistent endeavor to attain to what is apprehended. In words that are almost tritely familiar, it requires of each man that he shall live up to the highest that he perceives, and it may safely be asserted that in no two human individuals is that highest identically the same. This in no way derogates from the obvious fact to which reference has already been made above, that there exist collective as well as individual ideals. We all recognize the existence of ethical ideals shared in by whole bodies of human beings. But our immediate concern is with the individual, and largely as each man's ethical standard is affected, in many instances actually inspired, by that of his social environment, it nevertheless remains true in every case that there is an adaptation to individual idiosyncrasies which is unique. Moreover, in ethical, as in religious reform, the initiative is given by individuals. The way has to be prepared indeed by a growing though vague popular sense of the inadequacy of accepted standards and ideals; but the new start is almost invariably made by one man possessed of sufficient insight to perceive not only what ought not, but what ought to be, and sufficient character and self-devotion to give the requisite impulse in the right direction.

We are now in a position to consider the import to each individual man (1) of the fact that he recognizes an ethical standard of his own to which he may be true or false; and (2) of the existence of a unique Divine Ideal of his Individuality. In the first place it

must be acknowledged that no man is originally responsible for his ethical standard. He does not himself choose the age, nation, social rank into which he is born, nor the ancestral influences which the laws of heredity so strongly bring to bear upon him. Yet he is not wholly bound by any of these things, as the written history of earth's recognized greatest men abundantly shows, and the unwritten history of a countless number whose record is in the hearts and lives they have influenced through the power of their own individuality. The internal and external conditions of a man's life, as through childhood and youth he gradually becomes aware of them, are the raw material out of which he fashions his individuality. Its possibilities, whether great or small, are limited; but they exist, and the realization of some among them inevitably precludes the realization of others. Man participates in the Divine prerogative of self-limitation, and the aim which he sets before himself, the ideal bad or good towards which he strives, is the result of its exercise. He determines to realize certain possibilities and renounce others. For this determination, from the ethical point of view he is responsible in the degree to which he understands, or could if he chose understand, whether it is in consonance with and in furtherance of, not what he wishes to be, but what he recognizes ought to be. If his determination leads him consistently to reject what he recognizes as evil and follow what he recognizes as good, he is, however unconsciously, fulfilling the ethical purpose of his existence.

Here, however, we are brought face to face with one of the greatest practical and theoretical perplexities of human life, one which seems hopelessly to confound all attempts to disentangle its intricate mesh. It is that to our eyes such fatal mistakes are often

made by those who according to what is said above are fulfilling the Divine ethical demand on them, in whom the sense of moral obligation is most profound and most faithfully obeyed. It is not necessary to insist on this fact. There is no one who has not witnessed, too often experienced, heart-rending proofs of its truth, and the tear-stained and blood-stained pages of history are as indelible a record of the errors and injustices of the good, as of the deliberate cruelties and greed of the bad. What are we to say of these things? If individual human life is limited to earth, they mean ethical failure for all those men and women who err from conscientious motives, failure not only for themselves, but for the multitudes they lead astray. Error, even when recognized, is mostly irretrievable on earth. But what if human life be not limited to earth? If each one of these men and women who have seemed to do harm where they intended good lives on after death rich with the experience so hardly won under earthly conditions? The case is altered then for themselves and for their kind. From the eternal standpoint by which alone immortal spiritual beings can be judged, these mistaken ones and their victims are not failures. Amid temporal confusion and temporal error, they are but working out the true meaning of duty, the significance of moral obligation and ethical individuality, learning as all learners in all schools must, how not, as well as how, to do it. If indeed "Man has forever" we need not too greatly regret even in ethical matters that owing to the blindness and ignorance of earthly conditions it happens often that

This high man with a great thing to  
pursue,  
Dies ere he knows it,

or again that this other

aiming at a million,  
Misses a unit.

It is the high aim, the highest which the degree of intellectual and spiritual enlightenment admits of, consistently and faithfully pursued, that is of importance from the eternal standpoint. Men judge their fellow men by what they do, and no other test is for them possible. But the judgment of God is based on other and deeper knowledge, and in the Divine sight the seeming temporal failure may be a factor in the eternal victory.

Caution is needed, however, in accepting this truth, for it may easily be distorted into mischievous falsehood. The temporal ethical failure which may issue in eternal victory is not deliberate, nor the result of wilful ignorance. It is that which the conditions of actual human life render inevitable even to the single-hearted followers of good. There have been religious persecutors, for instance, who acted from the highest motives and in the genuine belief that they were taking the only means "to save souls." There have been others who used this pretence to cloak private greed, revenge or ambition; or who, recognizing that the means used were unjustifiable, yet allowed themselves through indifference or fear to be overcome by counsels which they should have withstood. If individual immortality be a fact, and in this life at all costs good has been followed, then, even though his best efforts have fallen short and his feet have stumbled on the path, the individual has not in the life beyond death to alter his fundamental aim, or seek a fresh ideal, but to pursue, unweighted by earthly conditions, and with a deeper, wider apprehension of its meaning, the goal towards which his face has been steadfastly set before. But if good has been rejected, or wilful ignorance has called evil

good, and good evil, the case is very different. Then the aim and ideal of the individual, his whole ethical attitude must be changed before he can begin to perceive or to fulfil the purpose of God in his existence. It is hardly conceivable, and against all experience of similar changes under known conditions, that so radical a transformation could take place without suffering. Most certainly it would require voluntary effort and co-operation on the part of the individual concerned, for the very essence of ethical victory as well as the test by which ethical individuals are judged is the deliberate rejection of evil and adhesion to good. That evil once accepted becomes more and more dominant, experience teaches us but too clearly—and often the individual thus enslaved, hugs his chains, not even desiring that they should be struck off. Against his will it is not possible that they should be if he is ever to fulfil his relationship to the Father of his spirit, for that depends on the voluntary rejection of evil and the persistent choice of good. Yet even for such an one life beyond death holds hope, the hope that under other conditions, through other experience, the awakening may come, evil be renounced and good chosen.

To dogmatize on a subject of such profound difficulty as this would be the height of presumptuous folly, but it is one to which the individual mind turns and turns again, and if there are directions in which we may look for light, it would be mere indolent cowardice to close our eyes to them.

In the first place it is necessary to remember that in the region of ethics possibility and impossibility bear a different meaning to that which is familiar in the physical region. When we say that water "cannot" flow upwards, or that motion "cannot" be destroyed, we mean that such possibilities as these do not enter into the con-

stitution of the physical universe. They are not even potentially realizable. But when we say of a man of whose integrity and uprightness we are fully assured, that he "cannot" commit an immoral action, we do not mean that he is restrained from it by any physical necessity, or that such actions are potentially unrealizable. We mean that a man of his character and probity will never make such conduct actual, though there is nothing in the constitution of the universe to prevent it. The bad action might be, but will not be. Something in the man's own individuality prevents it. It is possible, but not possible to him, because he will not have it so.

All moral "impossibilities" are of this nature:—Things that might be, but will not be, because deliberately prevented; and in the same manner all moral "possibilities" are things that may be but need not be, because their realization is voluntary.

It is to the region of moral possibilities that the realization of the Divine Ideal for each ethical individual belongs. It is of its very essence that the realization in every case should be voluntary. The Divine Intention is that each finite spirit should attain some unique moral victory, should represent to God triumphant goodness under certain special, limited and unrepeatable conditions. Therefore victory is not necessitated and defeat is possible. Possible because otherwise there could not be victory, but in no case determined, because defeat does not enter into the Divine Ideal of any man.

The second consideration we must take into account is that the Divine Ideal is eternal, so that in our thoughts about its ultimate meaning we must endeavor to rid ourselves of the notion that it had a beginning either with the man's earthly life or at some infinitely remote period of time "before the world was," and that in the same manner its

attainment lies either in the near or the far future. God's Ideals *are*, we cannot say of them that they were or that they will be, for past and future are shadows cast by our finitude. To the Infinite One they do not exist. When therefore we speak of the "attainment" of the Divine Ideal by any individual man, we speak of it from the temporal standpoint, from our own human and finite point of view—and from this, as we have already seen, non-attainment is unquestionably possible. For *all time*, and time is not confined to this life, there may be, (we dare not commit ourselves to assert in any case that for all time there *is*.) ethical failure. Here and now we know it exists; here and now we see not only unavoidable errors and shortcomings, but evil brought about by preventible ignorance, culpable weakness or cowardice, even frequently by actual deliberate choice. Physical death puts no term to these things. It has nothing to do with ethical individuals as such. It can make no change in *them*, though through it they pass to different conditions of existence. If then, they leave this life deliberately choosing evil, they enter the life beyond death deliberately choosing evil, weighted as they need not have been, crushed under disabilities which they have created themselves. What revelations await them in that other, but still temporal life, what further means the just and merciful God may employ to bring them to a sense of what they are losing, to rouse in them the consciousness of their guilt and shame and the desire to turn from evil to good, it is not for us to conjecture. According to the Christian Revelation, and may we not also say according to human recognition of what is befitting for immortal spirits who have thus despised their birthright, it is through intense suffering "as through fire." But there is still an indestructible hope. The Eter-

nal Ideal remains: while the individual in sinning, suffering, failing, choosing evil, resisting good, what God intends in him is present to God, and utterly lost though he appear to be temporally, there is still the possibility, the eternal possibility, of his eyes being opened by that very temporal experience from which till it has wrought its work he can never escape.

If this Divine Ideal of every man is the one ground of hope for those who are otherwise the lost, it is the pledge and certainty of fulfilment for those who in spite of all darkness, ignorance and infirmity strive towards the light. Such as these leave this life and enter upon the life beyond choosing good. To them a more open vision, a larger entrance into their Divine birthright is possible—to them, if we believe in their immortality we cannot doubt, and the Christian Revelation expressly asserts, that it is given. They are on the road that leads from attainment to attainment, from glory to glory, till they can bear to see the temporal fade away altogether, and the eternal alone remain. And while they are still struggling, often agonizing in their earthly conflict, conscious of their shortcomings and their ignorance, of their half voluntary lapses from the true path, fearing, at times suffering defeat, can there be a stronger source of comfort than the knowledge that the Ideal of their individuality, so bruised and maimed at their own hands, is to God unchanged and unchangeable, awaiting "eternal in the heavens" their conscious attainment to and appropriation of it? It matters little in what words, or under what imagery they picture that Ideal to themselves. The keenest spiritual and intellectual insight must still fall short of the reality; the most ignorant and uncultured conception, if embodying, however crudely, the victory of good over evil, contains something of the truth.

The outcome of our considerations seems to be then that spiritual death, the lapsing of a Divine Ideal is, by the very nature of that Ideal possible *in time*—i.e., from the finite point of view and in finite experience, and further that (since evil has no place out of time, being eternally repudiated by the Divine Will,) for no spirit persistently choosing evil and rejecting good can time cease. The terrible circle must be trodden and trodden again, without release and without remedy, save in the unique, unchangeable relationship

which each finite individual ideally bears to God, and which no temporal lapse can obscure to Him.

And since through all time this relationship, the very reason and condition of individual, personal existence has power to redeem and restore the lost spirit if it commence ever so feebly to repudiate evil and choose good, eternal hope is a reality for all, whether in this life or in the life beyond death. More or less than this we dare not say.

*Emma Marie Caillard.*

*The Contemporary Review.*

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## SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.

### PART II.

Involuntarily Rabbi Eisenmann now hastened his steps as he looked up and saw he was passing the town church. In the top-story of the adjoining vicarage a light was still burning, silhouetting the shadow of a man grotesquely against the ceiling. That was Pastor Engzelius, busy probably with his sermon for the ensuing Sunday. Rabbi Eisenmann battled down the bitter feelings that reared themselves in his heart as he wondered what the reverend pastor's text might be. Was it charity and kindness to the helpless and distressed? Eisenmann pictured to himself over again the one and only interview he had had with the Herr Pastor. He had called on him and begged him as a colleague-in-God, as well as by reason of the professional *esprit de corps* which ought to exist between them, to use his influence to secure the Rabbinner's admission as burgess. The Herr Pastor had looked at him superciliously, and had informed him that, being a conscientious servant of God, Father and Son,

he confined himself strictly to the performance of his duties, which were the spiritual cure of his flock, and that he on principle never interfered in matters municipal. He was also much surprised at the fact of the Herr Rabbinner approaching him at a time when he surely must know, it being the talk of the town, that the Herr Pastor's wife was passing through a critical stage in a severe illness; and to burden a man with extraneous troubles at a period of great domestic affliction showed distinct bad taste, if not an absolute callousness of heart. The Herr Rabbinner, refraining from the retort obvious, had most humbly apologized, and had withdrawn, cordially wishing the Frau Pastorin a speedy recovery for her own and the Herr Pastor's sake. Since then the two men had often met in the street, and had passed each other without speaking and with the most frigid interchange of outdoor civilities. Nevertheless Rabbi Eisenmann derived considerable comfort from the other's assurance of neutrality; for, despite his austere exterior and unsympathetic demeanor, Pastor Engzelius could not

but impress one as being a man whose word was his bond.

Softly the Rabbiner tiptoed into the house; but his precaution was unnecessary, for as he entered the sitting-room he was faced by Rahel with an eager, "Well, what news?"

He looked with affectionate displeasure at the face, still pretty, but setting forth the tale of anxious months in shadows and angles.

"I told you not to wait for me, Rahel," he said gently.

She gave him a look of reproach. "Do you expect me to sleep, dear, while I know that you are away battling, with your life almost, against our evil destiny? Were you satisfied with what happened to-night?"

Eisenmann shrugged his shoulders wearily. "Satisfied? I suppose I ought to be. Anybody else would perhaps consider it a distinct sign of progress. The burgomaster drank three tankards more than he did last time, and Herr Schwefelgeist slapped me on the back and said I deserved a better fate than to be a Jew. At any rate they promised me that the meeting would be held as soon as they could conveniently fit it in with their business arrangements—whatever that may mean."

"We have only ten days more," sighed Rahel. "And then"—

"And then—you mean if their decision is against us?" interrupted Eisenmann. "And then, Rahel, I tell you, we must bow to our doom and make the best of things. We have enough money left to take us to England or even to America, and people say that God lives there as well."

Rahel threw up her hands and shuddered. "What! cross the water, and perhaps never have a chance of seeing father's grave again?"

"He will forgive you for it, dear. He would be the first to tell you that he gladly makes way for the duty we owe to the living. Did you see, dear, that

Moritz did his home-lessons properly? I have always considered it a happy omen that they allowed him to attend the municipal school during the time of our provisional stay. I think we have shown ourselves grateful enough by the way we have kept him to his books."

A troubled look had come over Rahel's face at the mention of little Moritz. "No, we cannot complain of his industry," she began slowly. And then it seemed as if she were deliberating whether to make any addition to or qualification of her remark. In the end she closed her lips and kept silent.

Eisenmann, wrapped in his own thoughts, noticed nothing of her hesitation. Taking his wife's hand, he pressed it with affectionate warmth as he said, "Yes, please God, he will make us a good son. And I know also to whom the credit for that will be due."

However desirous the mother might be to keep secret what had occurred that night in connection with little Moritz, the lad himself made concealment impossible and unnecessary the very next evening. The Rabbiner was keeping at home; there was no symposium at the "Lame Horse"—one of the councillors had killed a pig that day, and the corporation was celebrating the event at his house. Little Moritz, under his father's supervision, had written "Labor is the sweets of life" seven times in his copy-book, and done his two division sums and proved them by multiplication; he then had eaten his supper, said his grace, finished his Hebrew reading lesson and the translation of the usual five verses of the Pentateuch—he was already up to the sixth chapter in Genesis—and then had duly gone off to bed. Two or three minutes later, enough for him to undress, there came from the adjoining room in which he slept the sound of his childish treble uttering words which made Rabbiner Eisenmann start

up and stare about him like a man awakening from a bad dream. Then he softly stole to the door, looked in, and—yes, sure enough, there was his little son Moritz kneeling by his bedside in his clean white night-gown, his hands clasped in prayer, his words clear and distinct and heartfelt, leaving no doubt that he understood their import: "Good Jesu, Thou who shepherdest the little children, watch over me in my slumbers, and make me to love Thee with a contrite spirit, for the sake of God Thy Father, for I have sinned grievously, and in Thee is all our salvation"—

"Moritz!" the Rabbiner called to him in a hoarse whisper.

The little fellow turned, and, seeing his father's look of agonized amazement, stopped abruptly. At the same time Rahel pushed her way in and caught him in her arms.

"Who told you to pray like that?" asked Eisenmann, his voice harsh and steady.

Little Moritz, frightened out of his life by the unnatural tone, began to whimper piteously. Eisenmann had to repeat his question.

"The Herr Pastor taught me the prayer, father dear, in the Bible-class, me and Joseph Kaufmann, and Adolph Abrahamson, and all the other Jewish boys; and you always told me I was to obey my teachers in everything, father dear."

Eisenmann nodded, and with a curt, "See to him, Rahel," walked back into the sitting-room, and measured its length and breadth for a little while with quick, impatient strides. Then he took pen and paper, sat down at the table, and wrote furiously. Rahel came in again presently, having soothed poor little trembling Moritz to sleep, sat down opposite, and watched Eisenmann silently. She knew quite well what and to whom he was writing, and she might have had her own views

on the matter; but she never committed the grievous error of foisting her counsel upon her husband till he asked her. That was how she had retained his love more than by her pretty face and winning ways; and this time it was surely a case for his own discretion to handle. The Herr Rabbiner's letter, of course, was to the Herr Pastor. He made a preamble to the effect that he preferred sending this written communication, because he would not run the risk of causing the Herr Pastor domestic inconvenience by a personal call. But he hoped the Herr Pastor would give this letter the considerate attention he would no doubt have accorded to a verbal representation. The circumstance that Herr Engzelius had included some Jewish boys in the New Testament class without first consulting their parents on the point was, of course, merely an oversight, and had only to be brought to the Herr Pastor's notice in order to ensure its non-occurrence on any future occasion. He was quite certain that the Herr Pastor would take this friendly remonstrance in a proper spirit, and not consider it an act of supererogation on the part of the Herr Rabbiner, who, in spite of his appointment being of only a provisional—nay, even precarious—nature, dared not, during his period of office, relax in his vigilance over the spiritual welfare of his congregation, both great and small. In conclusion, Eisenmann, either giving way to his anger or to emphasize the fact that the Herr Pastor's legal standpoint in the matter was insecure, reminded him that in all cases of this description referred to the District Religious Education Consistory, the decision had been that the children of Nonconformists should be exempted from instruction that might be contrary to the tenets of their faith.

Eisenmann enveloped and sealed the letter, and sent it round to the Herr Pastor's house, scarcely a five minutes'

leisurely walk. Within a quarter of an hour the messenger returned. Eagerly Eisenmann received the envelope, which bore no superscription, wondering greatly at the rapidity with which Herr Engzelius must have framed and penned his reply, yet drawing a good augury from his despatch. But a single glance into the open envelope informed him how it was that the Herr Pastor had managed to reply with such lightning speed. The Herr Pastor's reply was the Herr Rabbiner's own letter torn into a hundred bits.

Rahel saw too, and recognized the contumely of the contemptuous ultimatum; but though, again, she might have had her own views on the matter, and might even have urged the inopportuneness of taking further action for the present, she said nothing as she saw her husband resume his seat at the writing-table, this time with tight-set lips and an indignantly shaking hand. Her husband was about to do his duty: dared she stand between him and that?

So the Herr Rabbiner wrote his memorandum to the District Religious Education Consistory, giving the details of the case in all unvarnished nakedness, not minimizing things by a nail's-breadth, even going to the length of describing the manner in which his well-founded protest had been received and rejected. He posted his letter that same evening, and then went round to his congregants to inform them of what he had done. They received the intelligence, as he had half-expected, with some shrugging of shoulders and much shaking of heads; but, at any rate, he induced them to aid him by a policy of masterly inactivity—namely, by keeping their children away from school till the decision of the District Consistory had arrived. It might take a week, a month, a year—possibly, as they all knew, he might not be there to see the result of his action. Then

they would be free to do as they deemed fit. For the present, however—the argument carried more weight with them than it seemed to have done with the Herr Pastor—he was their spiritual guide, and as such he had to do his duty to them.

Two, three, four days passed, and then on the morning of the fifth the Herr Rabbiner received a politely worded request from the Herr Pastor to call on him some time during the day. Eisenmann's conscience smote him. Why had he not waited a little? Why had he sent off his passionate denunciation in such hot haste? Engzelius, too, had evidently thought better of it, and was willing to come to an amicable settlement; surely that was the only construction to be put on the overtures implied in his invitation. The Rabbiner's regrets redoubled on entering the pastor's house, where he was welcomed in the sitting-room by the Frau Pastorin, a sweet-faced woman, pale and withered, her hair prematurely whitened by long suffering, half-seated, half-reclining in her invalid's chair. Cordially she asked him to sit down; the Herr Pastor was in his study, and would be down presently. No, she was not feeling so well again lately; the terrible heat was torturing her cruelly—not a drop of rain had now fallen for ten weeks; if only the rain would come it might save her. The first thing she had made up her mind to do as soon as she could move out would be to pay a call on the Herr Rabbiner's wife, of whom she had heard many good things, and especially she believed in people who followed the same profession standing on a friendly footing towards one another, regardless of such artificial distinctions as creed and nationality. Were we not all the children of one God? Ah, there was the Herr Pastor" —

Eisenmann rose quickly, making a keen scrutiny of the pastor's face as

the latter entered. What the Frau Pastorin had said had been so significant that the Rabbiner's hopes of a thorough reconciliation had become almost a certainty; and, therefore, he was considerably taken aback to see the clean-shaven, austere features as austere and cast-iron as ever, with two deep furrows, caused by the wrinkling of eyebrows, running along the breadth of the forehead, the unmistakable trail of some fierce storm of anger that was sweeping across the man.

"Good-morning, Herr Pastor; you see I have not lost any time," said Eisenmann, smiling nevertheless, and holding out his hand to the other.

"And therefore I shall not lose any time either," said Engzelius icily, ignoring the proffered greeting. "I have certain news, Herr Rabbiner, which, although I am fully entitled to hold it secret, I think it right and fitting to acquaint you with. You will be glad to hear, Herr Rabbiner, that your appeal to the District Consistory has been a brilliant success. They have addressed to me with miraculous promptness a reprimand—I may term it a most severe reprimand"—

"I regret exceedingly, Herr Pastor"—stammered Eisenmann, flushing up.

"I dare say you regret it, Herr Rabbiner," continued Engzelius in the same icy tone; "but you should have considered that before. When a man throws down a challenge he must expect to have it taken up, especially if his opponent is stronger than he. And that I am stronger than you, Herr Rabbiner, I think I shall be able to prove, if not altogether to your satisfaction."

A deeper look of pain had come over the Frau Pastorin's face as she listened to the strange colloquy.

"Robert dear, I don't know what the Herr Rabbiner has done; but I am sure he meant it for the best," she pleaded gently.

The vicar acknowledged her intercession with a gesture of negation, and turned full on Eisenmann. "Honestly, sir, I fail to see what you thought to gain by your interference. Presumably you wished to impress me with an exhibition of your steadfastness to your official duties, which brooked no delay in your taking the step you have taken, not even the diplomatic delay of a few days till your position here might possibly be assured. Your attempt missed fire, and I am not ashamed to say so. Your first consideration"—unconsciously he gave expression to the sentiment poor Rachel had been too loyal to utter—"your first consideration should have been for your wife and children. If ever there was a case where charity should in all justice have begun at home, it was here. You may appear to yourself a hero; to me you simply appear a fool. And I have no patience with fools."

"Robert!" again pleaded the invalid.

"Please, Emma," remonstrated the vicar a little more sharply, "the Herr Rabbiner and I are quite capable of settling this matter by ourselves.—Are we not, Herr Rabbiner? To be frank with you, Herr Eisenmann, you have forfeited all your chances of acquiring the citizenship in my parish. I had fully intended to preserve my neutral attitude. I even made no comment, when, for the attaining of your object, you adopted measures which, to say the least, were unworthy of a minister of religion. But now—well, you see I have taken up your challenge."

"Herr Pastor," replied Eisenmann, his nether lip trembling, "I will not say—God forbid!—that your measures, too, are a little undignified. But I did not expect that you would divert the original cause of our quarrel into a side-issue. I thought that at least you would explain to me"—

"I owe you no explanation," retorted the other stiffly. "You may put what-

ever construction you please on the original cause of our quarrel, as you term it. Perhaps in doing what I did I merely intended a test of your disposition and character. If so, you did not stand the test well. However, all that is a matter of the past. I will only repeat that you are trying a futile experiment, and counsel you, for the sake of your wife and children, to husband your energy—and money. It is hardly probable that you will succeed in undermining my authority with my parishioners in the four or five days you have still to remain amongst them."

"Four or five days!" cried Elsenmann hotly, galled into open revolt by the acid callousness of his adversary.

*Chambers's Journal.*

(To be concluded.)

"That may not be as you think, Herr Pastor. With the Government's goodwill to support me, it ought not to be impossible for me to secure a prolongation of domicile here until"—

"Until you have drunk the corporation into compliance," smiled Engzelius. "You make an exceedingly bad diplomat, Herr Rabbiner. You are showing up all your trump-cards. To your new challenge, therefore, I reply that I have come mere and more to the conclusion that Ostrokov is not big enough to hold the two of us, and that consequently, while I am vicar here, you shall never be rabbi. That is my last word. I wish you a very good morning, Herr Rabbiner."

*Samuel Gordon.*

## THE NOVELS OF PEACOCK.

Among tales of whim and fantasy Peacock's novels, if so they can be called, have always held a high place. Equally removed from the problem and the proverb, they are still more unlike those pure works of art, such as Shakespeare's plays and Scott's romances, where the author stands aside altogether, and the characters are apparently left to develop themselves. Peacock follows his fancy whithersoever it leads him, and never continueth in one stay. He was as full of prejudices as an egg is full of meat, and he made his stories the vehicle for expressing them. The late Dean Merivale used to say that England had reached the summit of her greatness under a system of rotten boroughs and Latin elegiacs. To the Reform Bill and Greek Iambics he traced her gradual decline. Peacock, though he was so loose a scholar as to write Greek without the accents, seems to have

believed that, if man did not live by bread alone, good wine and classical quotations were sufficient to guide him through this world of sin. He had not, like Merivale, the art of writing Latin verse. His verse is English, and excellent it is. He had not been through the mill of the University, or the public school. His scholarship was self-taught, and few men have taught themselves so well. But the Dean's doctrine was just the sort of theme with which he loved to play, and it would have enlivened his pages a good deal more than the perfectibility of man. For it is true of Peacock as of most eccentrics—that they are best when they are least serious, and do not go much below the surface of things. Peacock was a humorist in the old sense of the term. He was essentially a queer fellow. Never, or hardly ever, did he deviate into the commonplace. The one thing certain about his

conclusions is that they do not follow from his premisses. His books are as provoking as Lamb's *Essays* to well-regulated minds. He violates all the conventions, and sets at defiance all the rules. Few writers are so absolutely devoid of that common sense which, as Pennalinus says, is the saving of us all. No wandering sheep was ever brought back by Thomas Love Peacock to the intellectual fold. Wherein, then, lies his charm? The same statement might be made, and the same question might be asked, about Laurence Sterne. Peacock had not the profound humor and the subtle pathos which made *Tristram Shandy*, with all his faults, immortal. Neither had he Sterne's love of indelicate allusions, nor his cynical disbelief in the virtue of women. What he had in common with Sterne was a fantastic imagination, not his servant but his master, for he could not choose but follow where it led.

His charm lies, however, not only in this, but also in his ripe scholarship, his lively wit, his caustic irony, and a style so exquisitely felicitous that at its best it has scarcely ever been surpassed. To which may be added a power of creating graceful, delightful, and perfectly natural girls, in which only Mr. Meredith has since surpassed him. Peacock is one of the very few men who can draw the other sex better than their own. Perhaps only Walter Scott and George Meredith are equally happy in both. Certainly Peacock's male characters cannot be called natural. They are for the most part types rather than individuals, except when celebrities like Shelley and Coleridge are deliberately caricatured. Peacock was as incapable as Sterne of constructing a plot. To read him for the story is like reading Gaboriau for anything else. Collections of his songs are popular enough, for his severest critic could not deny that he was a gen-

uine poet. I saw it stated the other day that the true "Peacockians" only cared for the songs in their proper places. I dare not arrogate to myself that sebast and cacophonous title, as Peacock might have called it. But I love Peacock's songs, as I love Shakespeare's, wherever I find them, and I should not consider them out of place in an interleaved Bradshaw. Mr. Chromatic in *Headlong Hall* expressly maintains that the words of a song have no importance, except as a setting for the music, and his own performances are by no means always topical. Except in *Maid Marian*, where everything is in perfect harmony with everything else, and the Friar leaves the room without a song when a song would have been inappropriate, Peacock's poetry occurs just because Peacock felt inclined to write it. And indeed no man ever wrote more exclusively to please himself than the author of *Crotchet Castle*, unless it were the author of the *Sentimental Journey*. "Those who live to please must please to live," said the austere moralist who died the year before Peacock was born. Literature was at the most Peacock's staff. His crutch was the India House, where he seems to have done as little work for his pay as he conscientiously could. His own lines on the subject are well known, and though they need not be taken as history they have a curious interest as coming from the successor of James Mill.

From ten to eleven have breakfast for seven;  
From eleven to noon think you've come too soon;  
From twelve to one think what's to be done;  
From one to two find nothing to do;  
From two to three begin to foresee  
That from three to four will prove a d—d bore.

In Peacock's pages, as in Sterne's, every man rides his hobby. Uncle Toby was beyond Peacock, as Matilda,

and even Marionetta, were beyond Sterne. The crudity of Peacock is seen in this, that his characters, at least his male characters, represent merely qualities or tendencies, and are seldom, as human beings, complete. They are always playing a part, never simply themselves, except under the influence of some sudden catastrophe, such as the appearance of a spectre, or bodily concussion with a tangible object, or the advent of a plentiful meal. Peacock was not so much an epicurean scholar as a scholarly epicure. He made of eating and drinking something very like a religion. The captain in *Headlong Hall* expresses an opinion that a man who abstains from strong drink must have a secret he is afraid involuntarily to disclose. The parson in *Melincourt*, who undertakes to exorcise the ghost, requires the simple apparatus of a venison pasty, three bottles of Madeira, and a prayer-book. When he is found asleep in the morning, the bottles are empty, the pasty has disappeared, and the prayer-book is open where it was open before. When the lady guests of Squire Headlong faint at the sight of the skulls on Mr. Cranium's lecture-table, and call for water, the little butler brings them the only water he keeps, which is powerful enough to revive them at once. There are no "three bottle men" now. People do not reckon what they drink. "Heel-taps" and "Skylight" are obsolete terms. We do not breakfast in bed, like Dr. Folliott, on beer and cold pie, or say "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," like Dr. Gaster when he turned up the empty egg-shell.

Peacock had a long life, and his novels are distributed over the greater part of it. He was seven years older than Shelley, and he survived Thackeray for three years. He lived into a world, as Professor Saintsbury says, "more changed from that of his youth than that of his youth was from the days of

Addison or even Dryden." It was not merely the Reform Bill and Greek Iambics, which Porson had written before his time, or Merivale's. It was "the steamship and the railway, and the thoughts that shake mankind." His clergy and country gentlemen, his schoolmasters abroad and philosophers at home, had become before his death as obsolete as the guard who woke up the inside passengers in the night and claimed to be remembered. But for a satirist in the grain, as Peacock was, there is little real change. Human folly seems to obey the law known as the conservation of energy. The quantity of it remains identical or increases with the population. The forms of it alone vary from age to age. If there are no longer any rotten boroughs, there are constituencies in which both the sitting member and the hoping candidate are expected to subscribe towards every charity and every football club. If there is no duelling in the army, and no flogging of private soldiers, there is mutual flagellation of officers and gentlemen among themselves. Champagne answers its purpose as well as Madeira, and at least two more meals have been added to the collection of Peacock, who seldom allowed for anything between breakfast and dinner. Scythrop and Mr. Flosky are no more. Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Herbert Spencer have never, so far as I am aware, been put into a novel. Perhaps the nearest approach in modern times to *Nightmare Abbey* is Mr. Mallock's *New Republic*, than which nothing could well be severer. But it is not a novel, and *Nightmare Abbey* is. Thin as the story may be, it is a story, and Scythrop's secret meetings with the object of his affections are most ingeniously arranged. Flosky is a rather cruel, extremely vivid representation of Coleridge. Scythrop is a not unkindly caricature of Shelley. The art of Peacock is shown in produc-

ing the impression that Scythrop was a caricature, and that Flosky was not. Sometimes his likenesses are coarse daubs enough, and the most sympathetic reader must be wearied by innumerable references to Lord Brougham as "the learned friend." It was natural enough that Peacock should have been disappointed with Brougham. Many others were so too. But the subject of Brougham's delinquencies, however attractive in itself, is not suited to works of fiction, nor, indeed, for that matter, is the duty of discouraging colonial slavery by not drinking sugar in tea, as recommended by Mr. Forester in *Melincourt*. But even that is better than the attempt to humanize an ape by conferring on him clothes, a baronetcy, and a seat in Parliament.

Peacock passed his life in avoiding what was disagreeable. He was not ambitious, and he was neither physically nor mentally energetic. Writing was with him a luxury, an amusement, and a vehicle for conveying his peculiar prejudices to the world. They were very peculiar. He was in his way a keen politician, and yet to classify him would have taxed the ingenuity of Dod himself. There have been statesmen and writers, such as Palmerston and Bagehot, whom it would be equally misleading to call Liberal or Conservative. That is because they shunned extremes, or because they had one measure for foreign countries and another for their own. But Peacock held at the same time, and in reference to the same subject-matter, opinions which the utmost ingenuity cannot reconcile. Forgetting that there must be some method for choosing members of Parliament, he railed with equal severity at pocket boroughs and at Reform Bills. Now and then his whims and oddities quite destroy the whole effect of his books. *Melincourt* is an instance in point. It contains some of Peacock's most attractive writing, and

Anthelia Melincourt, in spite of a tendency to priggishness, has sense and spirit enough. But Sir Oran Haut-ton is intolerable. A single scene in which a monkey played the part of a man might be endured in a roaring farce. But a man-monkey as one of the principal characters in a novel; getting drunk, falling in love, and being returned to the House of Commons, is purely grotesque, and an insult to the intelligence of the reader. Nor do the copious quotations from Lord Monboddo with which the notes to *Melincourt* are garnished remove the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of accepting the zoological license. Lord Monboddo's vagaries, though they have been described as anticipations of Darwin, are devoid of all scientific or philosophic value, while even the great name of Buffon cannot reconcile one to the preposterous and rather disgusting absurdity of an ape taking a lady in to dinner. The name of Sir Oran Haut-ton may be thought to deserve the praise of ingenuity. But if so, it can only be in comparison with Peacock's other efforts of the same kind. A worse inventor of names never devoted himself to the art of writing novels. Thackeray's names, though often ludicrous, are always happy, and often inimitably droll. That Lady Jane Sheepshanks should be the Earl of Southdown's daughter is so perfectly logical that it moves only the inward mirth of blissful solitude. The highly respectable family of the Newcomes have so long lost all trace of novelty that one forgets how the recency of their origin contrasted with the antiquity of *Pendennis*. How could The Mulligan have been called anything else, or what other appellation could the Fotheringay have chosen for herself than that which she actually adopted? What grim and stately mansion in the London of real life ever had such an appropriate title at Gaunt

House? Sir Telegraph Paxarett and the Reverend Mr. Portpipe are enough to spoil the reputation even of a story with such a pretty name as *Melincourt*. Mr. Mystic of Cimmerian Lodge shows an astounding poverty of invention. The intolerable pedantry which disfigured *Headlong Hall* with sham classical derivations for the patronymics of Foster, Escot, and Jenkison is an even surer proof than his slovenly habit of writing Greek without the accents that Peacock was not a scholar in the highest sense of the term.

Yet with all these drawbacks, which are better faced and acknowledged at the outset, there are few more fascinating novelists than Peacock. Perhaps "novelist" is hardly the word, for his plots are of the thinnest, and his tales are not exactly smooth. But his humor is of that delicious sort which must be felt and cannot be described; his style at its best was scarcely surpassed by his most illustrious contemporaries; his dialogue is almost equal to Sterne's; his passion for good literature was no stronger than his love of rural beauty; and his young women, though rather sketches than finished portraits, have a grace and a glamor which it is scarcely profane to call Shakespearean. As for the songs with which his books are interspersed, they are all excellent, and some of them are absolutely perfect. Peacock wrote only when he felt inclined, and, considering the length of his life, he wrote very little. His first novel, *Headlong Hall*, appeared in 1816; his last, *Gryll Grange*, in 1861, two years before his death. Mr. Richard Garnett, the accomplished editor of Peacock in succession to the late Sir Henry Cole, discerns symptoms of senility in *Gryll Grange*. His eyes are better than mine. I must confess that I should have rather detected signs of failing power, of course erroneously, in *Melincourt* or *The Misfortunes of Elphtn*. Peacock was never,

from the cradle to the grave, under the influence of reason. Perhaps we none of us are. But with him prejudice followed prejudice in an unbroken series which enabled him to see the ruin of the country in the reform of every abuse he had denounced.

Peacock was no friend to the clergy, and the Reverend Dr. Gaster of *Headlong Hall* is, as his name implies, a mere glutton. His brother divines, Dr. Folliott and Dr. Opimian, though good livers in the worst sense of that term, are also scholars and gentlemen. Dr. Gaster is as stupid as he is greedy, and represents the crudest shape of Peacock's undoubted gift for caricature.

The Homeric capacity for eating and drinking exhibited by Peacock's male characters is not exceeded even in *Pickwick*, where there seems to be no appreciable interval between one meal and another. Dr. Opimian, a strictly moderate man in Peacock's estimation, makes a large hole in a round of beef at breakfast, lunches on cold chicken and tongue, and only abstains from drinking more than two sorts of wine in the middle of the day lest he should spoil his zest for the bottles of Madeira and claret with which he washes down his copious dinner. But there is this difference between Peacock and Dickens. Peacock, at least the literary Peacock, was an epicure, and Dickens, at least the literary Dickens, was not. A good cookery book might be made out of Peacock's novels, especially if the dinners were reduced by one half and the breakfasts by two-thirds. This, however, is by the way. The three things by which Peacock will live, for they make him as fresh now as he was seventy years ago, are his poetry, his humor, and his style. In *Headlong Hall* there is one capital poem, the song of which the first line is: "In his last binn Sir Peter lies." Take these two couplets as specimens:

None better knew the feast to sway,  
Or keep mirth's boat in better trim;  
For nature had but little clay  
Like that of which she moulded him.

The humor of *Headlong Hall*, not perhaps very obvious in the preliminary scene of the coach, full of humorists as that vehicle is, breaks out after dinner when Dr. Gaster quotes Moses to Mr. Escot.

"Of course, sir," replies Mr. Escot, "I do not presume to dissent from the very exalted authority of that most enlightened astronomer and profound cosmogonist, who had, moreover, the advantage of being inspired; but when I indulge myself with a ramble in the fields of speculation and attempt to deduce what is probable and rational from the sources of analysis, experience, and comparison, I confess I am too often apt to lose sight of the doctrines of that great fountain of theological and geological philosophy."

Knight *On Taste*, unlike Moses and the Pentateuch, is forgotten, but his methods of forcing Nature into artificial shapes have not been so entirely abandoned that a reference to them will be unintelligible. Mr. Milestone had not carried out his plans for the improvement of Lord Littlebrain's park when Miss Tenorina praised its beautiful appearance.

*Mr. Milestone.* Beautiful, Miss Tenorina! Hideous. Base, common and popular. Such a thing as you may see anywhere in wild and mountainous districts. Now, observe the metamorphosis. Here is the same rock cut into the shape of a giant. In one hand he holds a horn, through which that little fountain is thrown to a prodigious elevation. In the other is a ponderous stone, so exactly balanced as to be apparently ready to fall on the head of any person who may happen to be beneath; and there is Lord Littlebrain walking under it.

The artificial school of landscape gardening has never been more happily

hit off. In many respects a philosopher of the Johnsonian school, Peacock did not share the Doctor's preference for the life of towns. Unfair as he often was to Wordsworth, and incapable of appreciating the Lake Poets at their true value, he was a genuine Wordsworthian in his passionate love of woods, and trees, and cataracts. Among contemporary novelists Mr. Hardy comes nearest him in this line. As an artist in the widest sense, the author of *The Woodlanders* is incomparably superior to the author of *Melincourt*. *Melincourt* is indeed hardly a book at all, but a burlesque grotesque, unlike anything in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Such names as Miss Danaetta Constantina Pinmoney, the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub, and Lord Anophel Achtar would be in themselves enough to ruin a story, if there were any story to ruin. But Anthelia's country walk, so justly praised by Mr. Garnett, would be difficult to match for the ease, grace, and power of the few strokes in which it is portrayed. When, after resting on the knotted base of the ash-trunk, she

"rose to pursue her walk," she "ascended, by a narrow winding path, the brow of a lofty hill which sunk precipitously on the other side to the margin of a lake that seemed to slumber in the same eternal stillness as the rocks that bordered it. The murmur of the torrent was inaudible at that elevation. There was an almost oppressive silence in the air. The motion and life of nature seemed suspended. The gray mist that hung on the mountains, spreading its thin transparent uniform veil over the whole surrounding scene, gave a deeper impression to the mystery of loneliness, the predominant feeling that pressed on the mind of Anthelia, to seem the only thing that lived and moved in all that wide and awful scene of beauty."

Such a passage as this redeems even *Melincourt* from the oblivion which, con-

sidered as a novel, it undoubtedly deserves.

The first book in which Peacock's genius had full play is *Nightmare Abbey*. In wit and humor it stands at the head of all his works. Better and purer English has seldom, if ever, been written, and the difficulty of quoting from it is that one would like to quote every word. Shelley's friendship with Peacock, useful and honorable to both the friends, has produced some of the most delightful letters and one of the most delicious farces in our language. The letters were written to Peacock by Shelley from Italy. The farce is *Nightmare Abbey*, in which Shelley, who much enjoyed his own portrait, figures as Scythrop. "When Scythrop grew up, he was sent, as usual, to a public school where a little learning was painfully beaten into him, and from thence to the university, where it was carefully taken out of him; and he was sent home like a well-threshed ear of corn, with nothing in his head." Peacock was an unsparing satirist of public schools and universities, with which he had no personal acquaintance. But he caricatured Shelley as though he loved him, and did full justice to the sound sense which was always in the poet's mind, seldom as it may have appeared in his behavior. To Coleridge (Mr. Flosky) he was far less kind, and his Byron (Mr. Cypress) must be pronounced a failure. In truth, Peacock had not the thoroughness or the pertinacity to draw a finished portrait of anyone. He belonged to what, in the language of modern art, is called the impressionist school, and his caricatures suffer from exaggeration. Caricature is like onion in cookery. There can easily be too much of it, and there can hardly be too little. But Peacock sins against all rules, and succeeds in spite of his transgressions or by the very magnitude of his offences. Everything in *Nightmare Abbey*, except the style,

might be condemned on Horatian or Johnsonian principles, and if people are not amused by it there is no more to be said, at least for them. There is a sort of a plot (rare enough with Peacock), for Scythrop made love to two ladies at the same time, and thereby involved himself in awkward complications. One of the ladies, Marionetta, in spite of her too suggestive name, is a perfectly natural specimen of the human race, feminine gender, and her Shakespearean quotation, which maddens Scythrop, is one of the happiest in all literature. "I prithee deliver thyself like a man of this world" was her "arch" reply to Scythrop's "passionate language of romance." But the loves of Scythrop and Marionetta are not the real subject of *Nightmare Abbey*, which is a satire on German tales of horror, the metaphysics of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, and other pet objects of the author's aversion. Mr. Flosky, which, as the victims of compulsory Greek may be persuaded into believing, means a lover of the shade, expresses the opinion that "tea, late dinners and the French Revolution have played the devil, and brought the devil into play." "Tea, late dinners and the French Revolution?" said the Honorable Mr. Listless, "I cannot exactly see the connection of ideas." "I should be sorry if you could," replied Mr. Flosky; "I pity the man who can see the connection of his own ideas. Still more do I pity him the connection of whose ideas any other person can see." The satire of Coleridge in this unique book is exquisitely malicious, because it is informed by knowledge, and contains just enough truth to make the misrepresentation tell. Except that imperishable chapter in Carlyle's *Life of Sterling* which begins with the words "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate" there is nothing quite so successful in sarcastic delineation of him as some

parts of *Nightmare Abbey*, and the genius of Coleridge is so far above the reach of disparagement that his warmest admirers can afford to laugh at Mr. Flosky's boast that he never gave a plain answer to a plain question in his life. Besides a capital song ("Why are thy looks so blank, grey friar?"), perhaps suggested by Suckling, an excellent parody of Byron—

There is a fever of the spirit,  
The brand of Cain's unresting doom—  
and a convivial song of unsurpassed merit ("Seaman three, what men be ye?") *Nightmare Abbey* contains the best and shortest ghost-story in the English language. It is told by the Reverend Mr. Larynx, and is as follows:

I once saw a ghost myself, in my study, which is the last place where anyone but a ghost would look for me. I had not been into it for three months, and was going to consult Tillotson, when on opening the door I saw a venerable figure in a flannel dressing gown sitting in my armchair and reading my Jeremy Taylor. It vanished in a moment, and so did I; and what it was or what it wanted I have never been able to ascertain.

Mr. Flosky's comment, "It was an idea with the force of a sensation," is a more scientific definition than the one really given by Coleridge, "A man or woman dressed up to frighten another."

The most characteristic, and to my mind the most fascinating, of all Peacock's tales is *Maid Marian*. It has been imputed to Peacock that in this serio-comic romance of Sherwood Forest, of Friar Tuck and Robin Hood, he meant to make fun of *Ivanhoe*. Mr. Garnett has shown that this is impossible, because *Maid Marian* was completed though not published before *Ivanhoe* made its appearance. No two ways of treating the Middle Ages more essentially different than Scott's and Peacock's could well be imagined. Scott wrote *Ivanhoe* because he thought the

public would be tired of the Land of Cakes if he never crossed the Border. But he had some portion of the antiquarian spirit, and loved mediæval chivalry perhaps better than he understood it. Peacock himself described *Maid Marian*, in a letter to Shelley, dated the 29th of November, 1818, as "a comic romance of the twelfth century, which I shall make the vehicle of much oblique satire on all the oppressions that are done under the sun." But this hardly gives any idea of the brightest and most fanciful extravaganza ever inspired by forest trees and rippling streams and poetic sentiment and popular legend. The purest gem it contains is that perfect lyric—

For the slender beech and the sapling oak  
That grow by the shadowy rill,  
You may cut down both at a single stroke,  
You may cut down which you will,  
But this you must know, that as long as they grow,  
Whatever change may be,  
You never can teach either oak or beech  
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

Friar Tuck, otherwise Brother Michael, is constitutionally incapable of making a connected statement in prose. He is perpetually breaking into verse, and his verse is always of the best quality, strong, light, simple, and melodious, Matilda, or *Maid Marian*, is the most delicious of all Peacock's heroines, and the devotion of the friar to her, "all in the way of honesty," must be shared by every reader of the story. Her father, Baron Fitz-Water, who pretends to be her tyrannical master and is really her submissive slave, displays Peacock's quaint, fantastic humor in its most genial and joyful shape. When the friar "kissed Matilda's forehead and walked away without a song," we are to infer that he was suffering from the violence of suppressed emotion. But it

was not many minutes since he had sung, and not many before that since he had got the better of Matilda's noble parent in a verbal encounter of considerable merit.

"Ho! ho! friar!" said the baron, "singing friar, laughing friar, roaring friar, fighting friar, hacking friar, thwacking friar; cracking, cracking, cracking friar; joke-cracking, bottle-cracking, skull-cracking friar!" "And, ho! ho!" said the friar, "bold baron, old baron, sturdy baron, wordy baron, long baron, strong baron, mighty baron, flighty baron, mazed baron, crazed baron, hacked baron, thwacked baron, cracked, cracked, cracked baron; bone-cracked, scone-cracked, brain-cracked baron."

Fooling, no doubt, but excellent fooling all the same. To read *Maid Marian* is like spending a long day in the country with the company of the imagination, the best company in the world. Peacock's knowledge of human nature was limited. He saw weaknesses and oddities rather than character as a whole. This it is which gives an air of crudity to his books, and has prevented them even more than their pedantry from being appreciated by the general. Peacock is in one respect like Carlyle, and Browning, and Meredith. A taste for him is a taste which he himself must give. We must make allowance for his foibles, and grow accustomed to his ways. But when we have fulfilled these conditions, few authors wear better, or yield more to those who read them again and again. There is wit enough in a single dialogue, as there is poetry enough in a single song, of *Maid Marian* to make a literary reputation. *The Misfortunes of Elphin*, for which I cannot share Professor Saintsbury's enthusiasm (so much the worse for me), contains, besides the lovely Song of the Four Winds, the justly celebrated war-song of Dinas Vawr, every line in which is golden, while the first four verses are inimitable and better than anything in Hook-

ham Frere, as a specimen of the mock heroic—

The mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter;  
We therefore deemed it meeter  
To carry off the latter.

But perhaps some acquaintance with Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, and some familiarity with the *Dionysiaca* of Nonnus, are necessary for the due appreciation of Elphin and Tallessin. Peacock sometimes forgets the words of Shakespeare which he himself puts with such exquisite appropriateness into the mouth of Marionetta. He does not always deliver himself like a man of this world. His want of invention, not of imagination, and his love of eccentricity, led him into strange and devious paths.

If we put personal predilections aside, *Crotchet Castle* is probably the book to which the largest number of Peacock's admirers would give the highest place. There is a gaiety, a vivacity, and a force in it which carry the reader with ease and smoothness from the first page to the last. The Rev. Dr. Folliott is the best of Peacock's clergymen, by which I do not mean that he was a good clergyman, nor anything of the kind. To assist at the squire's dinner, to criticise his cellar and his wine, accompanying his criticisms with abundance of Greek and Latin, was in Peacock's eyes the chief function of a beneficed divine, the "educated gentleman" of the parish. Dr. Folliott and Dr. Opimian, to say nothing of Dr. Gaster and Mr. Portpipe, are quite enough to justify the Oxford Movement. Gaster and Portpipe, however, are simply bibulous gluttons, hardly men at all. Folliott of *Crotchet Castle* and Opimian of *Gryll Grange* are capital as portraits. It is as parsons that their inadequacy comes in. Incapacity it can hardly be called. Their capacity for eating and drinking may be favora-

bly described as Homeric, and unfavorably as swinish. "I do not fancy hock," said Dr. Folliott, "till I have laid a substratum of Madeira." "Palestine soup" are the first words which issue from the mouth of Dr. Opimian, and he is left giving instructions how to open simultaneously many bottles of champagne. But Opimian and Folliott are not mere epicures. They are scholars, though pedants, and proofs that a pedant may have a sense of humor. There is nothing, for instance, finer of its kind in all *Peacock* than the conversation between Dr. Folliott and Mr. Crotchet about the *Sleeping Venus*. Mr. Crotchet, irritated by a magisterial order that no plaster of Paris Venus should appear in the streets of London without petticoats, determined to fill his house with Venuses of all sizes and kinds. Dr. Folliott, perceiving this addition to his friend's furniture, suddenly remembered his cloth, not, for once, the table-cloth, and attempted experimentally a mild protest. "These little alabaster figures on the mantelpiece, Mr. Crotchet, and those large figures in the niches—may I take the liberty to ask you what they are intended to represent?" Mr. Crotchet's answer was not encouraging. "Venus, sir; nothing more, sir; just Venus." "May I ask you, sir," proceeded the reverend doctor, "why they are there?" Mr. Crotchet was not embarrassed. "To be looked at, sir; just to be looked at: the reason for most things in a gentleman's house being in it at all; from the paper on the walls and the drapery of the curtains even to the books in the library, of which the most essential part is the appearance of the back." The dialogue is unhappily too long to quote in full. Dr. Folliott's austerity was partly assumed, and there can be no doubt that he enjoyed the discussion of the subject, if only because it gave him an opportunity of showing that he read the classics in the original, whereas

his friend only read them in cribs. His appeal to Mr. Crochet as a father, though futile, is touching. "Now, sir, that little figure in the centre of the mantelpiece—as a grave *paterfamilias*. Mr. Crotchet, with a fair nubile daughter, whose eyes are like the fishpools of Heshbon—I would ask you if you hold that figure to be altogether delicate." "The *Sleeping Venus*, sir? Nothing can be more delicate than the entire contour of the figure, the flow of the hair on the shoulders and neck, the form of the feet and fingers. It is altogether a most delicate morsel." Mr. Crotchet was getting decidedly the best of it, and his spiritual adviser took refuge in a gastronomic metaphor. "Why, sir, in that sense, perhaps, it is as delicate as whitebait in July. But the attitude, sir, the attitude." Mr. Crotchet was unyielding. "Nothing can be more natural, sir." "That is the very thing, sir. It is too natural, too natural, sir." And so forth, until Mr. Crotchet, becoming, as Dr. Folliott remarks, rather weary, exclaims that to "show his contempt for cant in all its shapes he has adorned his house with the Greek Venus in all her shapes, and is ready to fight her battle against all the societies that ever were instituted for the suppression of truth and beauty."

*Gryll Grange* is of all *Peacock*'s novels the most pedantic. It is strewn with quotations from the classics, especially from *Athenaeus*, and the friendship of Dr. Opimian for Mr. Falconer arises from the remarkable fact that they are both acquainted with Homer. The story is not more interesting than the words of Italian opera and might almost have been written for the songs, as the libretto of the *Magic Flute* must have been written for the music. Mr. Algernon Falconer and his fantastic establishment of seven modest maidens to wait upon one innocent bachelor lack the verisimilitude which is literature's

substitute for truth. But the Reverend Dr. Opimian, whose wife calls him "doctor" even when they are alone (and indeed his christian name of Theophilus is some excuse for her), is a personage such as only Peacock could create, a pundit and an epicure, a dignified clergyman who might have acted as chaplain to the Rabelaisian brotherhood and sisterhood of Thelema. Dr. Opimian is a variant of Dr. Folliott in *Crotchet Castle*, and it is impossible to read of either without thinking of Dr. Middleton in *The Egoist*. But indeed Dr. Opimian is quite as like Peacock himself as Jonathan Oldbuck was like Walter Scott. "I think, doctor," said Mrs. Opimian, "you would not maintain any opinion if you had not an authority two thousand years old for it." "Well, my dear," was the reply, "I think most opinions worth mentioning have an authority of about that age." In a charming and most appropriate note to this passage Mr. Garnett mentions that one of Peacock's last remarks to his old friend Trelawny was, "Ah! Trelawny, don't talk to me about anything that has happened for the last two thousand years." He was indeed a pure and perfect Pagan born out of due time in an uncongenial world of Tractarian Movements and railway trains. His oddities were numerous and ineradicable, following without displacing one another. He was not much in the habit of quoting scripture. But there is a text in *Isaiah* on which he could always have preached. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die," was the sum and substance of his philosophy. There is a tinge of unwonted melancholy in his last book, as of one bidding farewell to a long and happy life, which suits well with his creed, and he would have delighted in the melodiously fatalistic stanzas of Omar Khayyam. It is said that in his last days, which were calm and peaceful, his memory dwelt with

continual fondness upon the girl he used to meet in the ruins of Newark Abbey, who died when he was seventeen. His lovely poem, "Newark Abbey," much admired, as Mr. Garnett tells us, by Tennyson, is less appropriate to this strange reversion, of which his granddaughter was the witness, than those haunting lines which begin with "What is he buzzing in my ears?" and end with "How sad and bad and mad it was—But then, how it was sweet!" The poetry of *Gryll Grange* is not as a rule among Peacock's best. But the song called "Love and Age" is unrivalled for its simple indefinable pathos in all the varied efforts of his muse.

"There are some books," said the country squire, "which it is a positive pleasure to read." He was probably thinking of Surtees. He was certainly not thinking of Peacock, who of all English authors, except perhaps Burton and Southey, is the most bookish. One must like Peacock because one likes reading. One cannot like reading because one likes Peacock. Peacock had an irritable and foolish dislike of Scott, who appeals to all healthy natures, whether they be literary or otherwise. There was nothing in Scott, he said, which could be quoted. It was a most characteristic objection, and it is so far true that quotations from Scott can hardly be confined to single phrases or sentences. With Shakespeare Peacock was familiar, for Shakespeare, as we all know, is even too full of quotations. But, indeed, Peacock's own pet authors, of whom he never tired, from whom he seldom cared to stray, were the classical writers of Greece and Rome. They supplied him with an inexhaustible fund of epigram, anecdote, and illustration. Except his poetry and his humor, they were the only intellectual furniture he had. *Gryll Grange* might well be edited for the use of schools as an entertaining substitute

for Becker's *Charicles*, or the same learned writer's *Gallus*. He was perplexed by the tricks which according to Athenæus the Greeks played with their wine, for he was not in the habit of mixing it even with fresh water, and they are said to have mixed it with water from the sea. Dr. Folliott is even permitted, but only because of his order, to express disapproval of the Athenian Aspasia, and the Corinthian Lais. But the Greeks in his eyes were perfect. The darker features of their life he ignored, or left to St. Paul. To him they were simple people who made the best of art and nature, of themselves and of the world they inhabited. Rabelais he worshipped for having restored something like the spirit of ancient freedom—freedom to understand and to enjoy. The sense of beauty penetrates all his writings, and his most finished writing, as in *Nightmare Abbey* or *Crotchet Castle*, comes very near perfection. His learning is so enlightened with sense and enlivened by humor that it never becomes offensive and seldom becomes dull. When the odd folk he sometimes brings together grow quarrelsome over their cups, as in *Headlong Hall*, their differen-

ces are composed by a glee or a catch. Peacock cared not for the rules and restrictions which were imposed on themselves by his beloved Greeks. Except that he is never indecent, and that he has not the great Frenchman's tremendous force, he resembles Rabelais rather than Lucian. Among Latin authors his favorite was Tacitus, whose compactness of style, with its undying charm for the literary palate, exercised a noticeable influence upon his own. His acquaintance with modern literature was not wide, nor was his judgment of it sound. He had none of his friend Charles Lamb's genial catholicity in respect of all books that deserved the name. The classics were his Koran. What they did not contain was not worth knowing. Short of offering sacrifices to Jupiter and Venus, from which the fear of ridicule restrained him, or perhaps the opinion of Cicero, he stuck at nothing which was ancient, mature, and respectable. Even in classical matters his taste was capricious. But in spite of his irregularities, or perhaps because of them, his books have an unfading attraction for those who can relish them at all.

Herbert Paul.

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

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### A CHALLENGE TO THE CRITICS.

The present state of book reviewing is extremely unsatisfactory. Never, in the history of literature, have books received so much attention at the hands of critics as they do just now; yet, with it all, neither the public nor the authors have reason to be satisfied with the results of all this so-called critical writing. It is hard to say which suffer most—the authors who are injured by injudicious reviewing, or the public which is taught to read

the wrong books; but one thing is certain, that both are grievously sinned against.

Criticism from being practised by the few and competent, has become a trade carried on by the many and singularly unfit. Every paper, however obscure, has its "literary" column, and Heaven alone knows who the writers of these columns are—they are frequently much more illiterate than their readers.

But it is not the decline of criticism as an art that is the deplorable feature of the case—for even the best and highest criticism is, after all, uncreative work such as the world can do without—it is more the disastrous effects of all this loose, fatuous criticism that we regret. These effects, as I have said above, are traceable both in the writers and in their public; and the first and most glaring defect in modern criticism is its tendency to overpraise. To spoil our authors by injudicious praise is quite as bad, if not worse, than crushing or trying to crush them by over-severity: in either case the goose that lays golden eggs for a greedy public may be killed; there is, however, a refinement of cruelty in the modern method of author-murder decidedly reminiscent of the butt of Malmsey. In past times we heard a great deal of the old slashing reviews (the historic review which "killed Keats" being an obvious example); but few people, perhaps, take into sober consideration how many budding Keats have been killed by kindness—a fully quicker form of murder than the older method. Let any careful observer of the literary history of the last ten or fifteen years search back in his memory and see if he cannot remember a score of authors who have come by their literary death in this way. We all know the steps of this tragedy: the first clever book, received with an outburst of intemperate praise, *from critics whose trade it is to over-praise*—then the quickly growing "boom" in this particular author's books; the more and more slovenly work appearing year by year, the unpruned style confirming in all its vices till what was at first a mere accident becomes a vicious mannerism—and then cometh the end. For swift is the descent into the literary Avernus. Is it too much to say that many and many of these pitiful disasters are caused

only by indiscreet criticism—or, rather, want of criticism?

The moment that hundreds of critics tell a young writer that he has practically nothing to learn, that his art is perfect, his style mature, and so on, he will in nine cases out of ten believe their pleasant voices; he stops all effort, trusts to this "genius" with which he finds himself credited on every side, and dashes on down that steep path which it is all but impossible to reascend. You will say that the man is a fool who believes all the pleasant things that are said about him; but human nature being what it is man will always believe smooth prophecies, and can scarcely be blamed for doing so. The blame in such cases rests entirely with the false prophets, and it is at their hands that the blood of the author will be required.

If great kindness of heart, a dread of hurting others, a desire to encourage talent—if these were the springs of such criticism it would be more possible to condone it. But it is scarcely possible to believe that this is the case, and the sordid reasons for fatuous reviews must be plainly stated. In the first place it may be cynically observed that the majority of present-day reviewers bear ever in mind the Scriptural truth, *The merciful shall obtain mercy*—most of them write books themselves, and wish to be "done by" as they "do unto others." Therefore it behooves them to praise the work of their fellow book-and-review-writers, be that work what it may—their own time is coming, their own bread and butter may depend upon it—and what do truth and art matter where it is a question of bread and butter? (Alas, too true!)

This is not, therefore, so bad as that purely commercial side of reviewing which makes the critic review a first book from a promising author with his eye, so to speak, upon the second book from the same pen. Let me explain,

for the benefit of the innocent, the full working of this scheme.

The real merit of a book has, unfortunately, comparatively little to do with its selling properties—the really important thing is that an author's name should be well known. Once a name is established, the publisher is sure of getting a certain number of thousands of copies of each book sold, no matter what trash it may be. Obviously, then, the first duty of the conscientious tradesmen in books is to get up a boom about the author he wishes to sell.

Now, of course, no amount of praise will ever do this unless the book has some intrinsic merit to recommend it; so the critics and the publishers must select for their victim a promising author. If this be done, and the book has sufficient merit to justify some of the praise bestowed upon it, the boom should be easy to work. The first book having been so widely written about, the second by the same author receives even more attention from the public, and after this the mysterious "name" is made and sales are assured—for a term of years—till the public is tired of so much of the same fare and will have no more of it.

This is no new accusation against critics and publishers—readers of Macaulay will remember his delicious tirade on this subject in 1830:

It is time [he writes] to make a stand against this new trickery. The puffing of books is now so shamelessly and so successfully carried on that it is the duty of all who are anxious for the purity of the national taste to join in discountenancing the practice. All the pens that were ever employed in magnifying Bish's lucky office, Packwood's razor strops, and Rowland's Kalydor seem to have taken service with the poets and novelists of this generation.

... A butcher of the higher class disdains to ticket his meat; we expect some reserve, some decent pride in our hatter and our bootmaker. But no artifice by which notoriety can be ob-

tained is thought too abject for a man of letters. It is amusing to think over the history of most of the publications which have had a run during the last four years—the publisher is often the publisher of some periodical work. In this the first flourish of trumpets is sounded—the peal is then echoed and re-echoed by all the other periodical works over which the publisher or the author, or the author's coterie, may have any influence. At present we too often see a writer attempting to obtain literary fame as Shakespeare's usurper obtains sovereignty. The publisher plays Buckingham to the author's Richard. Some few creatures of the conspiracy are dexterously disposed here and there in the crowd. *It is the business of these hirelings to throw up their caps and clap their hands and utter their "vivas."*

This plain speaking on Macaulay's part did as much good as plain speaking generally does. Seventy years have passed since these words were written, and yet the same system goes on—certain periodicals praise, and will always praise, all the publications of certain houses; there seems to be an occult connection between them which cannot be denied. Even from a commercial point of view this system is a mistake; for the simple reason that it generally, in time, ruins the authors which it attempts to establish. One of the great objects of those who get up a boom in the work of any special writer, is to get the unfortunate man to repeat himself as much as possible: "When will Mr. — give us another idyll of — shire?" "We hope it will not be long before Mrs. — paints another picture of life in her village—we want more countryfolk of the type of Jess and Jem, etc." "Miss — is at her best in depicting London society, we look forward eagerly to her next." . . . And so on.

Why all this eagerness for similarity? Are the critics aware that self-repetition is a fault—that variety of range, diversity of subject, freshness of treat-

ment, are the very blood and bones of live literature? It would seem that they are not, if we may judge by their strenuous appeals to authors to stick, each man, to the "vein" in which he has made his first success. Of course, these appeals fall upon a deaf ear where the writer is strong enough to be uninfluenced by his first reviews; but the point I am arguing just now is the case of the young author, and the case of the author talented, perhaps, but without genius. A sad list might be made out of what Stevenson called "pretty reputations" which have been ruined by the attempt to repeat a success. The history of literature produces few examples of successfully repeated success—the vast majority of attempts in this kind being dismal failures. Of course, it is natural that we should wish more from an author who has delighted us; but we should recognize that we do not want the identical characters dished up a second time, but new characters—the newer the better, and treated as freshly as may be, the only sameness required being the describing mind. Let us by all means encourage our favorite writers by wanting more from them, but not "more of the same"—remembering the sadly wise Persian proverb, "No man can bathe in the same river twice."

Diversity of subject is, alas! the last quality that the tradesmen of literature wish, because *it is similarity that sells*—for a few years. "Why do you suppose my second book did not please the public as well as my first?" asked a discouraged young novelist of a wise friend.

"Because it was not exactly the same," was the reply. "Your first was about a drunken mother and two sons; so the public would have liked your next to be about a drunken father and two daughters."

It may be objected here that it is hard if the public may not get what

they like; but the fact of the matter is that the public will like almost anything they are told to like. And this is where the immense responsibility of reviewing comes in. So widespread is the influence of the press just now, that I suppose not one person in a thousand chooses his own books without having heard of them through some newspaper or magazine. This is quite natural, and, in the present state of the book-world, reviews form an indispensable bridge between the writer and the reader. But this only makes it more necessary that reviews should be trustworthy, for if the blind lead the blind we know that both will fall into the ditch. There is no ditch the public is more apt to fall into than this of the boomed book.

"One reads about it everywhere" is the reason commonly given for getting certain books; and few readers take the trouble to inquire *why* they see this special book noticed everywhere—they simply take the assurance of excellence upon trust, their taste is formed for them by the consensus of opinion. "There must be something in it," one has often heard the bewildered yet trusting reader exclaim. "There must be something in it, all the reviews praise it." At first, perhaps, a struggle goes on in the mind of the more intelligent reader: he questions whether the book is really as fine as it is said to be; then the iteration of its praises takes effect as iteration generally does, and he comes to believe in merits which native sense would have led him to disclaim.

This great childish, trusting public, is the principal sufferer from unwise reviewing. They read mainly the reviews in daily papers and in the cheaper magazines, and these, for obvious reasons, are the organs which publish the most ignorant and fatuous notices of books. For the old-established reviews and magazines do not

sin after this manner to anything like the same extent as their cheaper brethren.

The uneducated public have a profound respect for anything in print. The reviewer is to them a sort of Jove, and at his nod they obey, spending their time and their money on the books he recommends.

One evening some months ago I travelled out to the suburbs of London in a crowded third-class carriage. Two mechanics sat beside me, elderly, tired-out looking men, black with work. The moment they got into the train they began to speak about books—those few books they managed to gulp in the spare moments going to and from their work. Books seemed to be their glimpse into Paradise, the way they mentioned the titles of each work was something to hear. But ah! the books they mentioned!

"What are you *studying* now, Jake?" said one, "I am *mastering* *The E—l C—y* by H— C—." With such pitiful pride that I could have wept for him, the other man replied, "I am studying *T—l P—r* by M—e C—e." He sat upright, holding the dirty book far away from failing eyes, and read earnestly till the train stopped. The reviewers who teach an ignorant public to reverence such trash are as guilty as the quacks who persuade their victims to buy worthless drugs—perhaps more guilty. Here were two men, intelligent, thirsty for mental stimulus, and instead of reading Scott, Dickens, Thackeray—aye, or Kipling or Thomas Hardy—they were spending all their poor leisure on books which could supply them with neither help, instruction, or amusement; the newspapers had told them that these were marvels of literature, therefore they read them and thought, or tried to think, that they enjoyed them—that was all.

It is a deplorable state of matters if these reviewers are more or less

suborned to write what they do not honestly believe about books; but it is perhaps fully more deplorable if they do believe what they write—if, in short, they are as incapable as they seem to be of knowing a good book from a bad one. Dr. Johnson in one of his inimitable sentences gave what might serve as a touchstone for all criticism. When asked his opinion upon a book of verses by a young poetess, he replied: "For a young lady's verses good enough—*as compared with excellence*, nothing."

Could criticism be at once fairer or more searching? He gives the young lady her due of praise, yet keeps steadily before him her entire failure when compared with the classics. This "comparison with excellence" is not enough practised in our generation. It is indeed the fairest, most genuine test by which to try every newcomer in the field of literature. You will perhaps say that it is too searching a test—that modern books cannot stand comparison with classics and live; but this is not the case. The best modern books stand the test perfectly, it is only the second best that fall before it. And this is exactly where the uses of comparison come in—to help us to distinguish between the first and the second rate in art. There should be, in fact, a standard of art in the mind of every real critic by which we can measure the stature of each applicant for fame. If, for instance, the enthusiastic first critics of the "Kailyard" school of Scottish fiction had, before writing their reviews, read over a few of the incomparable cottage scenes in *The Antiquary*, these would surely have suggested searching comparisons between the old and the new schools of Scottish fiction, and a few of the superlatives would have been erased from the reviews. Or if, again, the eulogists of the new pseudo-historical romances had taken half an hour of

*Esmond*, before composing their eulogies, they would surely have gained an almost painful insight into all that the new historical novel writers are not.

But this wholesome system of comparisons seems quite out of fashion just now—in the mind of our modern reviewers no distinctions of literary rank seem to exist. Now the majority of our novel writers are only society entertainers of greater or less ability; quite an honorable calling if recognized for what it is and followed frankly for what it can "bring in." But it is a confusion of terms to speak of such men and women as belonging to the same profession as Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, or Jane Austen. The reviewers, however, if we may judge from the expressions they employ to describe each new book, decide to ignore this great and fixed gulf which separates the artist from the tradesman. I select at random from a publisher's advertisement some extracts upon a new historical novel; this is what the reviewers have to say for it: "It is sublime—*there is nothing else like it in literature.*" "It is one of the greatest historical novels that has ever been written . . . one of the greatest historical novels of the world." I have not read the work in question; but, without undue scepticism, I fancy it would be possible to find its counterpart in literature. Eulogies of this kind defeat their own end, and are quite enough to make intelligent people decide not to read the book; moreover, no self-respecting author could bear to see his work written about in this way, for he must know that it can only bring down ridicule upon it. Moderate praise, temperate adjectives, a degree of fault-finding, and a sympathetic appreciation for what is attempted as well as what is accomplished, these are the signs of the true critic.

The question of fault-finding is, of

course, a delicate one; but there can never be anything like a school of criticism without it. To their fearless system of fault-finding the *Edinburgh Review* critics owed their fame.

Jeffrey's reviews [says a writer in the *North British Review*] were all parts of a great and gradually matured system of criticism, and the object aimed at in by far the greatest proportion of the essays, was not so much to produce a pleasing or attractive or interesting piece of writing, as to enforce great principles of thought, to scourge error and bigotry and dulness, to instil into the public mind a just sense of the essential requisites of taste and truth in literature, and to dispense and wear away by constant energy that crust of false sentiment which obscured and nearly extinguished the genius of this country at the commencement of the eighteenth century.

This was indeed a huge undertaking—to cure a diseased public taste and teach it new standards of truth and beauty. But Jeffrey set himself to the task unflinchingly. His system of criticism was terribly severe—hence its fame. But he could praise quite as heartily as he could censure. If you will glance over his reviews of the *Waverley Novels*, for instance, you will be struck at once by the fearless way in which he mixes praise and blame. No modern critic would dare to point out their faults to any of our popular novelists as Jeffrey points out the faults of *The Monastery* and *The Abbot* to Sir Walter:

They are certainly the least meritorious of the whole series [he says], and while they are decidedly worse than the other works of the same author, we are not sure we can say, as we have done of his *other failures* (how calm!), that they are better than those of any other recent writer of fiction. *So conspicuous, indeed, was their inferiority*, that we at one time apprehended that we should have been called upon to interfere and admonish the author of the hazard to which he was expos-

ing his fame. But as he has since redeemed that slip we shall pass it over lightly, and merely mention one or two things that still live in our remembrance. . . . The euphuist, Sir Pierle Shapton, is a mere nuisance throughout, nor can we remember any incident in an unsuccessful farce more utterly *absurd and pitiable* than the remembrance of tailorship that is supposed to be conjured up in the mind of this chivalrous person, by the presentment of the fairy's bodkin to his eyes.

In the same way Jeffrey chastises Galt:

His next publication is undoubtedly the worst of the whole—we allude to the *thing* (!) called *The Steamboat*, which has really no merit at all . . . with the exception of some trash about the Coronation which nobody, of course, could ever look at three months after the thing itself was over; it consists of a series of *vulgar stories*, with little either of probability or originality to recommend them, etc.

I have quoted these two examples of Jeffrey's criticism because they were both directed against popular authors of the day, and therefore exhibit the fearless, impersonal attitude which the reviewer took up when compared with the attitude of the modern critic towards the favorites of the hour. If a writer is popular just now, it is not too much to say that he may write (and publish) what he chooses, secure of receiving nothing but praise for it. This is not criticism in the real sense of the word; and I believe that every good writer, if asked his opinion, would vote in favor of more truly *critical* reviewing. For the true critic is the author's best friend. To ask for this kind of criticism is not to ask for vindictive, slashing reviews, but for more, grave consideration, more helpful suggestion. Reviewers have two snares laid ready for their unwary feet: they are apt either to hail some newcomer who is not a genius as if he

were one; or they entirely fail to discern genius when they encounter it. Needless to say that the former is our specially modern snare, while the latter was that of the older school of reviewers.

Jeffrey, a sound, impartial critic in most cases, could not do justice to such an entirely new writer as Wordsworth, and his name will be associated for all time with the fatal dictum, "This will never do," with which he prefaced the review of *The Excursion*. *New greatness* is, of course, difficult to judge, because it conforms to no standards and seems to glory in defying all known rules of art, making new rules for itself. But this cannot excuse any man who named himself a critic for committing such a mistake as Jeffrey made in his reviews of Wordsworth. It is true that he asserted "Nobody can be more disposed to do justice to Mr. Wordsworth's great powers than we are," but with the same breath he held up Wordsworth's whole poetical system to ridicule. Ridicule of an elaborate, slow-going kind was a great weapon in those days. *The Excursion* is analyzed canto by canto, almost line by line, with sarcastic comments added. The whole spirit of the great poem in this way eluded the critic, only the letter remained. It seemed impossible to Jeffrey to ignore the weak points of these poems; he must emphasize them so much that their far greater beauties were obscured in the process. *The White Doe of Rylstone* was the subject of his peculiar ridicule: "This we think," he says, "has the merit of being the worst poem we ever saw printed in a quarto volume. . . . It seems to consist of a happy union of all the faults, without any of the beauties, which belong to his school of poetry. . . . In the *Lyrical Ballads* Mr. Wordsworth was exhibited, on the whole, in a very pretty delirium; but in the poem before us he appears in a state

of low and maudlin imbecility, which would not have misbecome Martin Silence himself, at the close of a social day." Yet this severe critic is roused to enthusiasm by the poems of Thomas Campbell: "There are but two noble sorts of poetry, the pathetic and the sublime; and we think he has given very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both," he says. For Felicia Hemans he has only praise: There is "the very spirit of poetry" in the "bright and vague picturings" of one poem and "a fine and stately solemnity" in another. "There would be no end," he admits, "to our extracts if we were to yield to the temptation of noting down every beautiful passage which arrests us here."

These extracts from the critical studies of Jeffrey exhibit very clearly this difficulty, which all reviewers labor under, of appreciating the entirely new manifestations of genius. Poor forgotten Campbell and Felicia Hemans were in Jeffrey's day new writers, but not new thinkers—they expressed the same thoughts that all the other poets of their kind were used to express, in the same sort of language—therefore they were admired. But Wordsworth appeared, a thinker who had broken fresh ground in the fields

of thought and expression. Both his ideas and the form in which he expressed them were entirely novel—he had parted company from the past and all its traditions. There was no one to compare him with, and Jeffrey, bewildered by this, went astray in his criticism of the new poet.

Now, it may be objected, that it is just at this crucial point—the right of judging of *new greatness*—that the system of "comparison with excellence" breaks down, because such greatness owes its existence to its divorce from those past models that you would compare it with. But this is not the case. It is always possible to compare the *scope* of a new writer with that of his predecessors, however widely separated the form in which he finds expression may be from the models of other days. Does he touch life at as many points as they did? Is he as true to nature as they were? It is on these things and not on the perpetually changing element of form that a writer's claim to greatness must eventually rest. And until the critics realize this, that a book with small ideas cannot be great, and that greatness must be sought for in the constitution of a book, its essential ideas, not till then will reviewing be other than it is.

*The National Review.*

*An Ungrateful Author.*

### A GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

BY SIR HENRY COTTON, K. C. S. I.

On the 12th June 1897 occurred one of those memorable calamities in India which those who lived through it will always speak of with a shudder. I was at that time head of the Government in Assam, with our headquarters at the pleasant little station of Shillong, which lies quiet and peaceful among some of the most beautiful hill-

scenery in the world. My wife had only just arrived from England, and had been busy unpacking all her new things and dresses and many home treasures we had never before ventured to entrust to India. We were occupied with preparations for celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and no thought of trouble crossed our

minds. The invitations had been issued for a State ball at Government House, and the residents of the station were engrossed with prospective decorations, festivity, and entertainment. The weather had been wet, but after two days of rain the sun shone out brightly on Saturday afternoon, and all were enjoying themselves in the open air. My wife and I had taken our seats in the dog-cart, and were starting for our usual drive. The reins were in my hand, the groom was adjusting a defect in the harness to which I had called his attention, and other servants were standing about in the porch, according to their custom, to see us off. Without a warning and with no premonitory rumble, which is the ordinary precursor of an earthquake, I heard a clattering on the roof, I felt a swaying of the earth, and the pony I was driving dashed off at full gallop. Amidst a terrific roar of indescribable elements we tore away and missed by a hair's-breadth the wooden railing along the winding drive. I saw the ground yawn open into cracks beneath our feet, the pine-trees overhead shook and trembled as though under the influence of a vast storm, and the pine-cones showered an avalanche on our heads. The Goorkha guard were ready for the salute, and we saw the guard-house crumble like a pack of cards as we approached it. It was more by luck than skill that we escaped a carriage accident, and I stopped the trap about 150 yards from where we started. The affrighted pony was then backing over the railings above a steep slope when I sprung out, and got my wife out I know not how. We could hardly stand. I thought the trees were falling on us, and I rushed with my wife, reeling as we went, to an open piece of grass before the flag-staff, where we threw ourselves on the ground. As I leapt from the trap, I looked back to where Gov-

ernment House had been, and there was nothing but a pillar of red dust from the earth to heaven. We were safe! but what a terrible moment! The noises of the earthquake, blended with cries of terror, were heard all around, and the shaking of the surface of the earth continued, like the movement of some titanic piece of machinery. Gradually the crisis passed, and comparative silence ensued. My private secretary hurried up from the club, and others followed in quick succession, men, women, and children. Then the rain began to fall, and continued without intermission. Darkness was closing in: we had to find some shelter for the night—Government House was a heap of ruins, not one stone standing upon another, and all the masonry houses of Shillong were in a similar plight. My servants and the Goorkha guard tore away the stones from a fallen outhouse in which our camp-equipage was kept, and managed to extract therefrom three servants' tents, which were rapidly pitched and afforded a refuge. Kindly Samaritans whose houses had not been so completely wrecked as ours found us some food. We remained huddled up, ten or twelve in each of these small tents, that night.

In the meantime I had been able to visit parts of the station. It was a scene of deplorable desolation and distress. The secretariat press was full of workmen when the building fell in on them. Fatigue-parties of sepoys were employed all night in endeavoring to rescue those who were entombed and might be still alive. It was a ghastly spectacle to witness the dead dragged forth, and the pallid staggering forms of the survivors. The gallant little Goorkhas worked indefatigably, amid drenching rain and depressing darkness and earth-tremors, which were incessant throughout the night. Mr. Robert Blair M'Cabe, Inspector-General of Police, and an officer

of conspicuous distinction, was found dead, horribly crushed and buried in the ruins of his house. "Multis ille bonis febilis occidit nulli febilior quam mihi." I shall never forget his funeral the next day. We laid him in a sheet and carried him through a tornado of rain to his grave, stumbling over the fallen cemetery wall—a tragic close to a career of the most brilliant promise! The great embankment which closed in the beautiful Shillong lakes had collapsed, the water had poured down a ravine, and damming up the river below had destroyed an iron bridge, carrying the heavy girders a considerable distance up-stream. The native bazaar was in ruins. The jail, with all other public buildings, had fallen, and the panic-stricken prisoners spent the night in the open. Such was the fear on them that not one attempted to regain his freedom. It was only a small section of the English community who were in the Government House grounds: most sought such shelter as they could find in the wooden cricket-ground pavilion, which had not subsided, and in sheds in the bazaar; others were in their mat-walled stables or coach-houses. The position of all, and especially of delicate ladies and children exposed to the elements, was a most pitiable one. All had their stories of horror to narrate. Some were out riding, some bicycling; some were walking and fell to the ground, clinging from tree to tree for protection; a set were playing lawn-tennis when the court crumbled away under their feet; others were golfing, and fell prone on the links; a family saved themselves by rushing out of the house and rolling down the steps; the inmates of the club just escaped by tumbling out of doors. Women were crying that the Day of Judgment had come. It was no disgrace to the boldest of men to turn pale, or for the nerves of the strongest to be unstrung. There was little sleep

that night: the earth was in a constant tremor, and ten minutes did not elapse without a definite specific shock, with its subterranean rumble and the clattering of the fallen corrugated iron roofs among the adjacent ruins. We kept up a bonfire until the morning, which was fed with shattered furniture and the broken woodwork of the house. Above all, there was the anxiety for others, for the world outside, which was not relieved until eight days had passed.

The immediate result of the catastrophe was a houseless population, without any change of raiment for day or night, exposed to the fury of the tropical rains, destitute of food, and many of them terribly wounded, crushed, or dying. The most urgent need was to house the houseless, to feed the people, and to restore communications. My officers showed admirable presence of mind and labored unceasingly. There was no hesitancy or faintheartedness on the part of any one. Temporary huts were run up in a few days, and a loan was offered from the Treasury to the bazaar merchants, with a view to importing grain. Looting, which had prevailed somewhat extensively on the night of the earthquake, was prevented. One of the earliest measures I took was to assign to every officer his own especial duty in repairing damages and restoring confidence. Every officer, whatever his ordinary duties, was made available for the task of rendering assistance. An examiner of accounts was set to remove ruins, forest officers and accounts officers were employed in clearing the roads, the officers of the regiment supervised the work of their sepoyes in building huts, magistrates became foremen of coolie gangs, and my assistant secretary was turned into a most efficient conservancy overseer. Every man was placed at his post, and all worked with their might. Of the

native staff also I can speak in the highest terms: although their own losses were great, they devoted themselves to the public service unremittingly and without complaining. It was due to their co-operation with the unwearying efforts of my chief secretary, and to that officer's power of organization, that the records were salvaged with little loss, and that current work was promptly resumed. Not a single table or chair came out unbroken from the wreck of the secretariat, and yet within ten days from the earthquake the office establishment was dealing with current cases. Above all, the civil surgeon of the station and the deputy commissioner—both of whom, I am glad to say, afterwards received a decoration for their services—never spared themselves, and in season and out of season were continually at work, encouraging others and setting an example to every one by their sense of duty and self-devotion. After the first urgent need of shelter had been met, the task of reopening communications was immediately taken up. Telegraphic connection had been destroyed. The abutments of bridges had been shaken to pieces, and the superstructure had collapsed. Several miles of road had gone down the hillside, all roads were cracked and fissured, both longitudinally and laterally, and great chasms thirty feet in depth yawned out in some places. Portions of the road were buried by huge landslips. It will help to illustrate the force of the shock when I say that all the stacks of metal on the roadside were levelled, as though the metal had been spread by hand. The difficulty of re-establishing communications was enormous. It could be overcome but gradually, but it was done in a manner reflecting the highest credit on the engineers of the Public Works department.

Assam is well known as a region of seismic disturbance, and earthquakes

before this were not uncommon; but they have never been known on any previous occasion to cause widespread destruction. The area over which this earthquake was felt is prodigious. It was estimated on scientific official authority to have extended over a tract of country 1500 miles in length and 1000 in width, or about 1,275,000 square miles. The area over which the shock was destructive is believed to be unique, and the focus from which it radiated was in the neighborhood of Shillong. The earthquake was said by the Japanese expert, who was specially sent by his Government to inquire and report, to be due to a fault in the earth's crust about twenty miles below the surface, and to be non-volcanic, and thus of different type from those great cataclysms which have taken place at Krakatoa, in Japan itself, and more recently in the West Indies. The character of the shock was everywhere much the same, though varying in degree—a sharp vibration, accompanied by a rocking or heaving of the earth and a loud rumbling noise. In the hills gigantic landslips plunged mountain-sides in ruin, and buried villages beneath them. On the plains the rivers were agitated, the water rising to a height of many feet; the banks crumbled and fell in, plunging whole hamlets into the stream; in many places geysers leapt forth, sputtering up sand and innumerable jets of water, like fountains playing. This ejection had such force that the covers of wells solidly embedded in mortar were hurled aside, while the wells were choked with sand. I have seen the heavy wooden cover of a well which was cast thirty feet distant, where it lay half buried in the sand. I have seen a large native bazaar which sank and was embedded in six feet of sand. I have seen huge fissures sixteen feet deep, as many wide, and about a mile long. I have seen deep rivers com-

pletely silted up; and in one place, where there had been a crystal pool forty feet deep, and a noted place for fishermen, I was able to cross without wetting myself above the knees. In many places I have seen embanked roads which had subsided to a level with the adjacent country.

It is difficult to define the duration of the great shock; but I do not think it lasted for more than three minutes, and the period of extreme intensity was probably limited to about thirty seconds. But this half-minute's disturbance of the earth's crust was sufficient to cover it with ruins. The fall of Government House, the largest building in Shillong, must have been complete within five seconds. But after the great disturbance definite shocks were incessant for two or three days, and the earth-tremor went on continuously for a somewhat longer period. In Shillong itself it was estimated that there were two hundred shocks a-day for a few days after the 12th June: these had gradually diminished to twenty or thirty shocks a-day by the middle of July. Then they became fewer; but for at least two years after the earthquake we were accustomed to a daily shock. Occasionally these were of alarming intensity, but familiarity led to their being treated with contempt. Shocks had become rare when I left Assam at the end of April 1902; but I may safely estimate that we acquired an experience of three or four thousand quakes. The Japanese professor had been good enough to explain to us that these after-shocks were merely the residual effects of the first big disturbance, subject to definite laws, and had nothing dangerous in their character; in fact, that they were absolutely necessary in the ordinary course of things, as by their means the disturbed earth's crust was gradually settling itself into its final stable position, and that each after-shock meant

the removal of one residual weak point. We never minded them much, and they became an accustomed element in the routine of life.

It was most fortunate that the earthquake occurred, when it did, in the afternoon, when nearly everybody after a wet day was out of doors. Had it occurred at almost any other time—and it is needless to say that if it had happened at night—the mortality would have been terrible. As it is, one of the most remarkable features of a disaster so overwhelming and so widespread is the comparatively small number of deaths which it occasioned. The ascertained deaths numbered 1542—a figure below the truth, as it was impossible at a season of floods and downpours of rain to collect complete returns: these were practically all due to falling houses, slipping mountain-sides, and the collapse of river-banks; in a few cases boats were swamped and the occupants were drowned. Two cases were recorded of persons having been swallowed up by the earth opening under them—as in the earthquake which swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram—but I cannot personally vouch for these: nowhere does the earth gape open and close again. The earthquake deaths were, however, immeasurably exceeded by the mortality from the epidemics that ensued. In Shillong, where there was a temporary but complete dislocation of the water-supply, cholera, dysentery, and fever broke out in the native quarter, and much sickness, including the dreaded enteric, laid many low in the cantonments and civil station. The connection between earthquakes and epidemic disease is a medical question of some obscurity; but I believe that in Europe, America, and Japan this connection has been scientifically traced. Certain it is that in Assam there was the most appalling sickness throughout the province during the autumn of the earth-

quake year, thousands and tens of thousands died from the most malignant form of fever, and the general mortality of the year was over fifty per mille, or almost as high as that which prevailed in the regions of India where famine was then raging. It was the most unhealthy year of which there is any record.

The population at large, although completely cowed at first by the effects of such an unprecedented phenomenon, very soon displayed their usual calmness and patience, and resumed their cultivation as though nothing had happened. The catastrophe was one which principally affected the few wealthy and well-to-do persons who reside in masonry buildings. The poor, who live in mat-huts, did not suffer so directly from the shock itself. Tea-plantations were damaged in some places, but this great industry escaped as a whole without serious injury. The losses sustained by the Province were, however, immense. The finances of the administration were paralyzed by the necessity of restoring public works to their former condition, and the dial of progress was set back. The most permanent and disastrous consequence was more wide-reaching, and consisted in the raising of river-beds and the obstruction of drainage channels. It so happened that the rainfall that year was terrific, and I witnessed from the foot of the hills at Cherrapunji a down-pour of eighty inches in three days. The little railway there was swept away, and though every effort was made to repair it, it was ultimately abandoned. The river-beds had silted up, the whole country was covered with sand, and the floods found no other way of escape than over the surface of the fields. The beautiful orange-groves which are so marked a feature of this tract were a sea of ruin. From the same cause the floods in the Assam valley rose to a height far exceeding

any previous record. When I visited the town of Barpeta I found the inhabitants all living on platforms and in boats. Cattle were perishing from starvation, and dead bodies were floating about. Dogs and ponies were skeletons. I rescued one miserable pony which was lying in water with its head only on dry land, and had not strength to raise itself. The police guard of honor to receive me was drawn up on the roof of a boat, which was serving as a treasury and jail and guard-room. The magistrate's court, his residence, and the circuit-house were up to their eaves in water, and the shops in the bazaar and all private houses were in the same condition.

Everywhere we found that the river-beds had upheaved, so as to be almost on a level with the surrounding country. There were no natural outlets for the water to run off. These excessive floods were directly due to this cause, and even after the lapse of years the old channels have not been properly scoured out or new channels formed. Many village sites became, therefore, uninhabitable, and the people were forced to move to other places, and a great decrease of cultivation followed in what had once been a very fertile country.

The great earthquake was indeed a great calamity. May I be allowed to say that it was bravely met? Indians vied with Englishmen in their zeal. The following encomium was passed on the native Assamese magistrate of Barpeta, the place to which I have just referred: "Placed single-handed as he has been in this isolated town, among a population thoroughly terrified and full of prophecies of approaching dissolution, he has never lost heart; but by the cheerful disposition with which nature has endowed him, has been of much comfort to the subordinate officials and traders, and has carried on

the routine duties of his charge without interruption."

I would make this eulogy a general one. The flag of Great Britain never ceased to fly on the Government House flag-staff, in the centre of wreck and ruin. It was the token of the spirit by which all my officers were animated. Everything that could be done by them was done quietly, effectively, and as promptly as possible. There is now little or no local trace of the catastrophe. Houses, public buildings, churches, and jails have been rebuilt; the station of Shillong is more beauti-

ful than it ever was before; the roads and bridges are better than the old ones; the whirligig of official changes has transferred from the province most of those who bore the brunt of the shock; the earthquake is forgotten. But there are men and women on whom it has indelibly impressed its memory, and I venture to hope that I have roused in the minds of the readers of this narrative some conception of the magnitude of the disaster, and some admiration for the energy and resource which were displayed in mitigating its consequences.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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#### SWITZERLAND OF THE WAYSIDE.

Our little village lies just off the steep road which leads up from the dusty white plain to the popular "health resort" which reaps a golden harvest summer after summer from its untilled lands. You can drive up to it in a shaky little vehicle with the driver striding beside you, hooting dismaly at his patient horse; or you can secure a place in the *poste*, the stuffy yellow diligence which carries the mails of the Republic; or you can go on foot,—a long-legged man will be sorry if he does anything else—along the zigzag way bordered first by vineyards and then by chestnuts and then by ranks of dark blue pines, and above them the Teeth of the South showing white and jagged against the sky. The wide square *place* is bounded on three sides by the bakery, the post-office, the grocer's shop, the communal restaurant and by the modest inn which presents itself as the *Hôtel Sans-Souci*; a number of chalets are scattered on the slope of the hill which rises behind it; it is divided from the church and the cure's house by the high road.

Our village is not a fashionable resort. The occupants of the little carriages which are for ever creeping up from the hot plain drive past us with a glance of weary indifference, to be deposited about an hour later at one of the big hotels that cluster thickly together at the head of the valley. They pause here sometimes while the driver refreshes himself and exchanges a word or two with the "boots" of the inn, and the villagers strolling down to the edge of the road return their indifferent glances with a gaze of friendly contempt. They look so bored and so dusty, and they have such piles of luggage; there is always something slightly despicable in a pile of luggage. They will play tennis and bridge just as if they were at home and they will get up a concert in aid of the English Church Building Fund; no one here offers any such diversions, and yet only a very dull mind could find the life here dull.

We arrived on a Saturday and discovered at once that the village was in a state of half suppressed excite-

ment; the air was full of it. Girls sat upon doorsteps twining long wreaths of evergreens, there was a continual hurrying in and out of the church; the bells burst at intervals into abrupt and rather discordant mirth; and the stout curé sat in his balcony looking about him with an air of watchful supervision. We soon learned that a great event was impending. A young priest who had been born and bred in the village was coming next day to say his first mass in his own home. "Figure to yourself what an honor for us," said Célestine the waitress solemnly. "A child of the village,—and we shall hear him say mass to-morrow! It is not every commune that has such a privilege. You have not been inside the church yet? But it is worth seeing."

The church was a long ugly building, with a nondescript little tower to which was affixed a huge clock with only one hand; the villagers professed to be able to tell the time by it, but a stranger could not pretend to such dexterity. The ceiling was painted blue and sprinkled with gilt stars, but apart from this effort at adornment the interior was bare and cold. To-day, however, it was recklessly decorated with banners and pictures and garlands and a profusion of pink and blue paper rosettes, while above the chancel arch, sweeping across the trivial prettiness of the papal flowers and the tawdry pictures, as the majestic tones of an organ across the whistling of a drum and fife band, ran the awful legend, *Tu es sacerdos in vacua saeculorum*. We had no excuse for losing an hour of the fête. At four in the morning the bells began the curious jangling which represents rather than expresses a jubilant mind, and they continued with little intermission all day. When the bells were not ringing, and sometimes when they were, the three brass bands (our own and two contrib-

uted by neighboring communes) played popular airs as loudly as possible; and they were supported by the firing of salutes and by the explosion of mortars planted in the churchyard. By half past eight the square was crowded by the men from the high pastures who came trooping down, very smart and a little awkward in their Sunday clothes with a bit of gentian or edelweiss in their soft felt hats; the girls were already slipping into church, each one carrying her white veil folded in a clean handkerchief. By degrees the whole population with hardly an exception was packed into the building, leaving the village deserted and silent. The service over, the congregation streamed out, very hot and breathless, the girls shook out their veils and pinned them on, and presently a long procession was winding slowly round the *place*. In the midst of it under a gorgeous canopy walked the child of the village arrayed in our own curé's huge yellow cope and carrying a large bouquet; behind him walked three older priests, followed by his godmother in a purple silk gown and his father and two brothers, important and smiling. The young priest looked pale and troubled; his eyes were reverently lowered so that perhaps he did not see how his comrades of the past stared at him with mingled admiration and sympathy. He had been singled out for a higher destiny than they; while they tilled their fields and herded their cattle, he would be sowing for eternity and shepherding souls heavenward; still, for all this there is a price to be paid, and the world after all is not such a bad world when one is young and the blood warm in one's veins.

We are very proud of our priest, but this is not the only respect in which we know ourselves superior to our neighbors. We have a gendarme for instance, a portly, middle-aged person, who may be seen any afternoon wash-

ing his lettuces at the trough in the middle of the *place* where an ever-flowing pipe provides us with an apparently inexhaustible supply of excellent water. At Quatre-Fontaines, Célestine informs us with visible satisfaction, they have never had a gendarme; if they required one they would have to send for ours. There is not very much for the gendarme to do; from time to time he puts on his uniform and stalks in an awe-inspiring manner about the *place*, but he prefers his shirt-sleeves and the seclusion of the restaurant. Sunday is the only day when he seems to have any official duty to perform. On Sunday the men always come down from the mountains to the nine o'clock mass which is followed by a procession. Everyone walks in the procession except the pair of athletic young giants who work in the bakery and go to church but come out before the sermon. They sit smoking on the bakery bench while everyone else is listening to the pastoral discourse and when the procession approaches they fly up a side lane to avoid the curé's eye.

"What will you have?" says the forester, a tall blue-eyed man who carries his sixty years as alertly as though he had found some drops of the elixir of youth among the mountain snows. "In every community there are some evil doers; and in any case they do not belong to us,—they come from Saxon." By the time their devotions are over, the men are hot and thirsty, and the communal restaurant is close at hand; as the afternoon wears on they drink more than is good for them and grow noisy and quarrelsome, and the day closes occasionally with a free fight. These disorderly proceedings are a source of keen regret and annoyance to the older men of the community. "If they were hungry as well as thirsty when they come out of church, all would be well," says the forester apologetically. "But they eat nothing and

they mix their drinks. After all, it is only once a week that they get the chance. And you must remember," he continues very earnestly, "that in other places, in Paris, in Saucerre, in London, for example, such scenes take place also, only there they are less public; here there is only the *place* and everything that is done is seen. It is a scandal all the same."

The behavior of the gendarme on these occasions, in the eyes of the sober and orderly members of the community, leaves something to be desired. He is not permitted to perform his functions except in uniform, and when the disturbance begins he is invariably washing his salad in his shirt-sleeves, with his back to the animated scene. He does not seem to observe the rising of the storm; within the restaurant doors the voices grow angrier, the tempers more inflamed, and presently a dozen or two of excited young men are inviting each other to "have it out" in the *place*; the gendarme lights a cigarette and tranquilly admires the flowers in the post-office garden. It is not until the stalwart disputants have begun to pitch the benches at each other that he turns round and becomes aware that heads are being broken and good homespun suits sadly ill-used within a yard or two of the representative of the law. With a heavy sigh he gathers up his lettuce leaves and retires to put on his uniform; but the gendarme is stout and the tunic was not made to measure; by the time that he has succeeded in encasing himself in it, the storm has pretty well spent itself, and there is little to do but to pick up the benches and lock the restaurant doors, and this he does in as authoritative a manner as could be wished. When Célestine is asked why it does not occur to him to interfere a little earlier, or why some penalty is not inflicted on the rioters for the credit of the village, she is surprised at the unreasonableness of

foreigners. "But of course you do not know," she says, "that many of them are his own relations. Did you notice the young man who beat the president's son with the shutter? That is the gendarme's nephew. In return the president's son nearly tore off a leg of his trousers,—his quite new trousers—so there is not much to be said of that. And those that are not his relations,—well, it is better in this world to make friends than enemies; otherwise,—who knows?—he might get tapped on the head himself some dark night."

The forester takes a less lenient view of the gendarme's indulgence. "In any case," he says sternly, "he ought to do his duty; an official should have no relations." And he mentions casually later on that the gendarme, like the bakers, is a stranger here; his home is a little further off than Saxon.

Saucerre is the little town at the foot of the valley, a dull little place of some four thousand inhabitants. Looking down on it from the mountain heights, it appears a whirlpool of gaiety and vice, and we talk of "the fashions of the plain" in a way which involuntarily recalls the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The present curé has been here ten years. His predecessor who had been here from time immemorial, ruled his parish with a heavy hand and was specially determined that his small domain should not be contaminated by the foolish vanity which prompted the ladies of the plain to wear hats of different shapes and sizes and to adorn them with feathers and flowers. When the new priest arrived the women thought the hour of revolt had struck. He was a young man, new to the district, of a genial disposition, and very ready to make friends with his new parishioners; and forthwith they cast off the ugly round straw hat with two long black ribbons floating from one side of it, which every woman had been doomed to wear

during Father Cyrille's long reign, and appeared in church in brighter head-gear. But they had mistaken their man. The genial young priest looked, frowned, and proceeded to pour upon them from the pulpit a flood of denunciation so terrible that it carried the gay ribbons and the fancy straws away for ever. "That was a sermon," says Célestine, shaking her head at the solemn memory of it. The ugly round hats were resumed, the revolt was over; and when a maid from one of the big hotels comes home to visit her sisters they inspect her bonnet with quiet disapproval. How grateful they are to M. le Curé for saving them in spite of themselves from such diabolical snares! And yet . . . and yet . . .

One day we were invited to a theatrical performance, an event which took us quite by surprise. There had been an accident lower down in the valley and the entertainment was given in aid of the sufferers, under the special patronage of M. Le Curé. We bought our tickets,—reserved seats, two francs—and were seated punctually at eight o'clock in the large room of the restaurant. The performance had been organized chiefly by the *chef* of the Sans-Souci, the landlady's son, a clever dark lad of seventeen, who was assisted by a friend from Geneva. The arrangement was Elizabethan in its simplicity. The few feet of space consecrated to the actors were divided from the front row of chairs only by a line chalked on the floor. There was no programme, no curtain; when it seemed desirable to conceal the actor's movements, a screen was set down before our prying eyes. It was not a very large screen and a few persons destitute of all nice feeling were guilty of the meanness of peeping round the corner and informing their friends what was happening. The entertainment began with half a dozen songs and recitals. The niece of the post

mistress sang a pretty ballad, two children recited a dialogue, there were a couple of songs with choruses, and everyone displayed the most complete self-possession, and everyone was encored. Then we came to the chief business of the evening, the play. There were no women in it; the leading parts had been secured by M. Alfred, the young *chef*, and his friend from Geneva, and to the latter the only costume had been generously conceded.

There hurried on to the stage a remarkable figure in a gray tweed suit, with a pith helmet swathed in a white puggaree on his head and a Scotch plaid wound tightly round and round his shoulder; it took us a minute or two to realize that this was an Englishman in his usual travelling dress, but the rest of the house recognized him at once and greeted him with joyous applause. Presently we discovered further that the scene was laid in Turkey during some war not specified and that the personage in the plaid and the puggaree was a war correspondent, with a limited knowledge of French and a peculiar habit of finishing almost every sentence with "A'r-right." Another war correspondent soon appears, a Frenchman, very slim and active. The play turns upon the rivalry between the two, and the Frenchman's wit enables him to get the better of his clumsy antagonist at every turn. The Englishman orders a dinner and pays for it in advance ("je payerai en avance" is, it seems, the English traveller's favorite phrase,) and the Frenchman slips in and eats it behind his back; he robs him of the stout portmanteau which he carries with him everywhere; he lures him away from the telegraph office where he is telegraphing the book of Genesis (which every Englishman knows by heart) to his editor in order to keep possession of the wire while an important battle is being fought, and takes

his place. The Englishman is furious, the Frenchman mocking and nimble; the Englishman insists upon fighting him but the Frenchman evades the encounter; he is not fond of fighting. Then suddenly the position is changed. A tremendous cannonading from behind the clothes-horse to the left tells us that the battle is being fought, and at the close of it the Frenchman is discovered a prisoner in the Turkish camp. We never quite learned how he got there, partly because the sight of the curé repeating his evening prayers, rosary in hand, while his flock laughed and applauded around him, carried us for a moment away from the stage; but we were soon aware that the Turkish general, a stern warrior some four feet ten in height, whom we knew to be a Turkish general because he was dressed in a turban and a red blanket, was ordering M. Alfred off to instant execution, non-combatant though he was, in defiance of all rules of war. In this awful hour the prisoner turns to the man whom he has been successfully cheating through three acts. "Comrade," says he in a voice broken by emotion, "I leave my notebook with you; you will telegraph my report of the battle to my paper." The Englishman is almost as much agitated as his rival. "I will . . . a'r-right," he says solemnly. "Before my own."

This touches the journalist. "Oh, no," he says, "not before your own!" But the Englishman, grandly inconsiderate of his editor's feelings, repeats his assurance. Two diminutive Turks proceed to lead their prisoner forth; the miserable wretch bursts into tears, and this at last stirs the Englishman (still so slow!) to effective action. He reminds the Turk that the French Government will be very angry with him; the Turk does not care a snap for the French Government; he pleads in the name of justice and humanity, but the Pasha signs coldly to his minions

to proceed. "Very good," the Englishman replies calmly. "Murder him then! But you shall not murder him alone; and the British Government will avenge us both. Fire! *Je mourrai avec!* A'rright." And with that he throws himself, plaid, puggaree and all, upon the Frenchman and clasps him in a fervent embrace.

The prolonged applause from the back of the hall drowned the next few sentences, and I do not know whether the Turk was melted by the Englishman's devotion or afraid of our Government's vengeance; but the prisoner was released without more ado and went off arm in arm with his preserver, leaving us to reflect upon the Portrait of an Englishman which had been so vivaciously presented to us. Dull, clumsy, irascible, the easy dupe

of the smart swindler, and with it all so generous, so fearless,—there was light as well as shade in the picture. But I confess that it was not one which appealed to a Swiss audience. The Swiss are a practical people, they can find nothing to admire in a fool, and their Englishman was certainly a fool; they evidently regarded the cry, "*Je mourrai avec,*" as an absurdity only appropriate to an absurd character. When I congratulated M. Alfred's mother next day upon her son's admirable acting, she replied to my compliment by hoping that the play had not hurt anyone's feelings. "It was only a joke," she said, with gentle anxiety. "It did not offend you? We should be so sorry if we had offended; and we know of course that Englishmen are not really like that."

*H. C. Macdowall.*

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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## THE REVOLUTION IN SERVIA.

We can see no reason to expect good from the revolution in Servia. It was too violent, too bloodthirsty, too contemptuous of those laws, at once of morality and honor, which are acknowledged even by the semi-civilized to be necessary restraints. That the Obrenovitch dynasty had deserved deposition we are not concerned to deny. The late King throughout his reign behaved rather like a wilful child than an average Monarch, he was rapidly developing into a tyrant who brought his people nothing in compensation for his tyranny, and he had latterly surrendered all independence of will to a woman still more tyrannical than himself. Queen Draga may have had all the charm her admirers attribute to her, and certainly had enough to enslave her boyish husband; but she could not endure resistance, she was

dominated by an unscrupulous ambition, and her final plot—for it was a plot—to make her brother Nicodemus Lungevica, a man of no character, Heir-Presumptive to the throne without the consent of the people entirely justified the anger of her husband's subjects. The decree securing the succession to this officer was found in the Palace after the murders had been accomplished, and its promulgation would certainly have been an insult to, as well as an outrage on, the Servian people. It was natural, perhaps, that the Army should take the lead in expressing their indignation, though they might not have been so forward had their salaries been paid; but the method adopted was inexcusable, not only in the eyes of all moralists, but of all clear-sighted politicians. The murders were needless outrages upon

common decency. The officers were in possession of the capital and knew that they had the populace with them; the King and Queen between them had alienated all their friends; and the soldiers had easy access, through accomplices, even to the interior of the Palace. There was nothing whatever to prevent the leaders of the revolt from arresting the King and Queen, locking them in a carriage, and sending them under escort to a fortress or beyond the frontier. The Skupshtina, as is now evident, would have confirmed all their acts, and they could have forced without difficulty the election of Prince Peter. The peasants, it is clear, would not have risen, and there was in the State no other force capable of being roused to arms. Instead of taking that reasonable course, the officers, all of whom had sworn to be faithful to the dynasty and the King, indulged in a burst of sanguinary fury, hunted the wretched couple through the Palace, shot down the King, hacked the Queen to death with sabres, and finally, to convince their comrades that the bloody deed had been successfully accomplished, hurled their victims' bodies from a window on to the lawn below. There has not been such a scene in history since Jehu ordered the decent burial of Jezebel, not in pity or shame, but because she whom his followers had just murdered was of Royal descent. The Roman soldiery murdered Caesar after Caesar, and the history of the Middle Ages is full of assassinations; but Romans and ruffian Princes alike spared women, who, bad or good, were, like Queen Draga, possessed of no legal power, and therefore irresponsible. Slicing a woman to death for being over-persuasive is a proceeding reserved for a Christian State and our day of gentleness and love. The death of Queen Draga, flushed with arrogance though she may have been, was a foul murder if

ever there was one, and to sing a *Te Deum* over it a disgusting exhibition at once of callousness and superstition.

Whence are good consequences to flow from the deed? The Obrenovitches, it is true, are gone; but the record of the Karageorgevitches is little cleaner than theirs, and they return to the throne they lost before in circumstances which almost forbid them to be good rulers. Even if we admit, as we gladly should do, that King Peter had no previous knowledge of the long-plotted assassination, and expected only an *émeute* and an expulsion like that of Charles X., he is the nominee of the Army, and must perforce obey its orders. It is foolish to talk of the "unanimous" vote of the Skupshtina, which knew that it was at the mercy of the troops, and that the alternative to a prearranged election must be a period of murderous anarchy, as if that could absolve the mutineers. Their success alone absolves them. A cry has gone up from all Europe that the murderers should be punished, if not the plotters; but who is to punish them? The Great Powers have refused to intervene. They could not intervene effectually without suspending their mutual jealousies, and, besides, they are afraid of a precedent which might bind them to interfere if a revolution occurred in a State capable of self-defence. On the other hand, what is the new King to do except issue an amnesty, formal or informal? He cannot execute the men to whom he owes his throne; and if he banishes them, their followers will all be his foes, open or concealed, and his fate may be that of his predecessor. He is not really protected by any ancient hold upon his people or any dynastic affinities. He is as little known to King Edward, for instance, as the Obrenovitch was. There is nothing for him to do except to be guided, for the

present at all events, by the Praetorians of Belgrade, who have already shown what their notions of governing and of "preserving liberty" really are. Their sway will be at least as bad as that of the Obrenovitches, and will end, if history is any guide, either in another revolution or in a civil war, the troops in the interior growing jealous of the ascendancy of the troops in the capital. The example of successful mutiny is a dangerously attractive one, and there is, so far as we can see, no force in Servia which can reimpose permanent discipline on the Army. A victorious general might do it; but who in that case is to be the enemy? The King will be forced, even in his own despite, to cling either to Russia or Austria, and Servia will some day or other be crushed by their collision or agreement to divide. The new King is said to be a man of some ability, and certainly he has persisted long in his pretensions; but he is sixty, it is a heavy task to play the part of the Dukes of Savoy, and they had no internal treachery to dread.

The Servians seem to have thought the heir of Black George the only possible candidate for the throne; but we doubt whether, if they were thinking of the safety of their State, they would not have done better to look farther afield, and ask some cadet of an old dynasty to accept their crown of thorns. That would have given their State a new foothold in Europe, and though it is considered unphilosophical to say so, would probably have secured them a safer ruler. There is some reason for the dynasts, or they would not have remained at the top for a thousand years on end. We believe the reason is that they feel the obligation of restraints, which seem to adventurers things made to be broken

through. The Government of the last Bourbon King of Naples was one of the worst which ever existed in Europe, but when the courtiers discussed the propriety of "removing" Mr. Wreford, the correspondent of the *Times*, who was striking terrible blows at the dynasty, King Bomba, to their amazement, interposed a peremptory veto. "What right have we," said the King, "as against Wreford? He is no subject of mine." There was the very essence of absolutism in the sentence; but there was also something else, a restraining dignity which we should not have found in King Milan, who was the Neapolitan's intellectual superior. However that may be, the fact remains that of all the families which have reached thrones in the last hundred years, the Bernadottes alone have succeeded, for they alone have not been intoxicated or dismayed by the position. It is forty years that a Prince from Denmark has been reigning in Greece, surely not an easy place to reign over, and his throne remained unshaken even by military defeat, and seems now as safe as ever. Charles of Roumania, too, is the strongest Sovereign in the Balkans, where strong Sovereigns are needed if there is to be any order at all. The inhabitants of those States have been inoculated with ferocity by three hundred years of Turkish rule, and it will take at least another century to beget in them the civilized horror of murder used as a political argument. It may, indeed, take even longer, for the great Courts do not see that an unpunished mutiny is a fatal precedent for their system, and the murderers of Queen Draga have already been pronounced at home heroic persons, who deserve well of their country and of the Archbishop of Belgrade.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Professor Josiah Boyce's "Outlines of Psychology," which the Macmillans include in their "Teachers' Professional Library" is described on the title page as "an elementary treatise with some practical applications." It is intended primarily, as its place in this series would suggest, as an aid to teachers, in furnishing them with the elements of general psychology. The author does not attempt to present the fruits of experimental psychology, but, by way of illustration and otherwise he introduces views and theories which serious readers, with leisure for study and reflection, will find novel and alluring.

F. Berkeley Smith follows his impressions of "The Real Latin Quarter" by a second volume called "How Paris Amuses Itself," in which he describes, in easy, gossipping style, the lighter side of Parisian life—its restaurants, theatres, *bouis-bouis*, music-halls, boating-parties, circuses, and *fêtes foraines*. A wide personal acquaintance makes it possible for him to take his readers often behind the scenes, and give them such glimpses of professional or Bohemian life as many will find extremely piquant. The book is profusely illustrated from photographs and sketches, some of them the author's own. The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

It would seem that Mr. Charles Burr Todd holds a brief for the defence of more or less discredited characters in American history. His monograph on "The True Aaron Burr" was generally recognized as an ingenious if not altogether convincing defence. Now, in a volume on "The Real Benedict Arnold" he un-

dertakes a still more difficult task of rehabilitation. He does not, of course, deny Arnold's great crime which has made his name the synonym for treachery, but he discovers and emphasizes a palliating motive for it, in Arnold's desire to cover the political intrigues of his wife; and he also describes with fulness and enthusiasm the brilliant services which Arnold rendered to his country before he became an object of execration to his countrymen. A. S. Barnes & Co.

It is a great service which any one renders who helps readers to approach a masterpiece of literature from a new point of view and to find in it new illumination. But the service is especially valuable when the masterpiece is one full of sacred meaning and association. Mr. Frederic Palmer's "The Drama of the Apocalypse" (The Macmillan Co.) renders this service with reference to one of the most beautiful but undoubtedly the most bewildering book of the New Testament canon, the Revelation of St. John. It gives, not commentary or verbal criticism, but a comprehensive view of the book in its relation to the thought of the time in which it was written and the people to whom it was primarily addressed; and it presents it as a noble spiritual drama, instinct with life and feeling and rich in imagination. Readers who re-read the Revelation with this essay in hand may not indeed find all its mysteries solved, but they will see them flooded with a new light.

An old friend of Leo Tolstoy, writing in the *Novoye Vremya*, narrates an amusing incident which Tolstoy described to him as having occurred dur-

ing his last stay in the Crimea. Here it is:

A rich American arrived in his yacht, accompanied by a party of friends, and asked permission to see the great Russian, promising that they would be content with a glimpse, and would not trouble him with talk. Leave was granted. Tolstoy sat upon his balcony, "like a Buddhist idol," as he said, and the whole party of Americans defiled slowly and silently before him, taking their gaze as they passed.

One lady, however, refused to be bound by the contract. She stood still for a minute, and shouted, "Leo Tolstoy, Leo Tolstoy, all your noble writings have had a profound influence upon my life, but the one which has taught me the most is your —." Here she forgot (it must have been awkward) the name of the work.

The sick author leaned over the rail of the balcony and whispered, with a smile, "The Dead Souls?"

"Yes, yes," she replied.

"That book," said Tolstoy, "was written by Gogol, not by me."

W. B. Saunders & Co. publish a third edition, thoroughly revised, of their admirable manual for mothers and nurses entitled "The Care of the Baby." Its author, Dr. J. P. Crozier Griffith, Clinical Professor of Children's Diseases in the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, understands the art of popular presentation, and joins to his professional knowledge a fund of good-humored common-sense which wins the reader's attention at once. His work is wider in its range than most of its class, and makes a volume of more than four hundred pages. The same firm issue also a revision by a competent authority of the handbook for professional nurses prepared by the late Emily A. M. Stoney, Superintendent of the Training School for Nurses at the Car-

ney Hospital, South Boston, and called "Practical Points in Nursing." Well planned, well written, and thoroughly wholesome in its tone, the original volume met a success which justifies its publishers in bringing it thus "up to date." Its suggestions as to the etiquette of nursing, and particularly as to the relations between the nurse and the servants of the household, impel the lay reader to wish for it the widest of circulations.

A work which appeals almost equally to the general reader and to the special student, is the series of volumes containing Representative English Comedies, edited by Professor Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California, and published by the Macmillan Company. The first volume includes the period from the beginnings to Shakespeare, and the dramatists chosen to illustrate and exemplify it are John Heywood, Nicholas Udall, William Stevenson, John Lyly, George Peele, Robert Greene and Henry Porter. Different editors have edited the texts, and prefaced them with critical essays; and the volume opens with a carefully prepared and extremely interesting historical survey of the beginnings of English comedy, by Professor Gayley, and closes with a monograph on Shakespeare as a Comic Dramatist by Professor Edward Dowden. The comedies are annotated, and bibliographic and other information is given in appendices. Typographically, the page is a delight to the eye. In their relations both to literature and to contemporary life and manners, these comedies have an interest which makes their presentation in this convenient form, with all necessary aids to their profitable reading, a subject for congratulation.

## APRIL ON WAGGON HILL.

Lad, and can you rest now,  
There beneath your hill?  
Your hands are on your breast now,  
But is your heart so still?  
'Twas the right death to die, lad,  
A gift without regret,  
But unless truth's a lie, lad,  
You dream of Devon yet.

Ay, ay, the year's awaking,  
The fire's among the ling,  
The beechen's hedge is breaking,  
The curlew's on the wing;  
Primroses are out, lad,  
On the high banks of Lee,  
And the sun stirs the trout, lad,  
From Brendon to the sea.

I know what's in your heart, lad,—  
The mare he used to hunt—  
And her blue market-cart, lad,  
With posies tied in front—  
We miss them from the moor road,  
They're getting old to roam,  
The road they're on 's a sure road  
And nearer, lad, to home.

Your name, the name they cherish?  
'Twill fade, lad, 'tis true:  
But stone and all may perish  
With little loss to you.  
While fame's fame you're Devon, lad,  
The Glory of the West;  
Till the roll's called in heaven, lad,  
You may well take your rest.

Henry Newbolt.

The Monthly Review

## GIPSY MOTHER-SONG.

Gold aglow on the gorse,  
And kingly purple over the heather;  
And illies on the river's course  
Lifting their silver cups together.  
Lullaby and hushaby!  
The wayfaring day is o'er;  
Thou and I, together we lie  
In the House of the Open Door:  
But for thee and for me, my child,  
Wandering folk and poor,  
There is treasure untold on meadow  
and moor,  
When the wind blows wild.

Gold afame on the corn,  
And queenly crimson deep in the  
heather;  
And diamonds of the dew at morn,  
Flashing their rainbow drops to-  
gether.  
Lullaby and hushaby!  
The wayfaring day is o'er;  
Thou and I, together we lie  
In the House of the Open Door:  
But for thee and for me, my child,  
Wandering folk and poor,  
There are jewels of price on meadow  
and moor,  
When the wind blows wild.

Gold alight in the sky,  
And royal red in the heart of the  
heather;  
And all the night the stars go by,  
Waving their silver swords together.  
Lullaby and hushaby!  
The wayfaring day is o'er;  
Thou and I, together we lie  
In the House of the Open Door:  
But for thee and for me, my child,  
Wandering folk and poor,  
There are dreams of delight on  
meadow and moor,  
When the wind blows wild.

May Byron.

The Spectator.

## RIPE STRAWBERRIES.

"Fourpence a pound," the raucous cry  
Goes echoing down the busy Strand—  
See piled upon the barrow high  
The red ripe spoil of Kentish land.

And 'spite the city's dusty air  
A fragrance round it seems to cling  
That brings to mind some garden  
where  
The cuckoos call and thrushes sing.

Or well-loved hills, where gentians  
blow,  
Where cow-bells tinkle 'neath the  
pine,  
And tiny alpine strawberries grow  
Above long leagues of Vaudois vine.

Pine-scented fruit far oversea  
Of you and youth and summers sweet  
Your garden cousins speak to me  
In London alley, square and street!

Armie White.

Temple Bar.